NATURAL GAS **SEN. JAMES ABOUREZK**

THE NATION

MARCH 1, 1975 *50 cents*

DETROIT HANGS IN THERE
MAYOR YOUNG A YEAR LATER
Remer Tyson

Hispaniola Blues
POLICING THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC **Joseph E. Mulligan, S.J.**
HAITI: GOVERNMENT BY GREED **George Merlis**

Sweated Home Industry
Delancy Street In Los Angeles
PAUL SHINOFF

NATE SHAW: THE BURDEN OF HIS BOOK
Wendell Berry

8-77
The Sherrod Library
Periodicals Dept.
E.Tennessee St. Univ
Johnson City, Tn. 37601

ETSU LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

tribute

Marietta, Ga.
It is a tribute to your usual wise selectivity to have printed the remarkable article by L.S. Stavrianos, "American Skepticism: The Mandarin View of China" [*The Nation*, Feb. 8]. . . . Such incisive understanding of contemporary history is rare among present-day intellectuals, most of whom are blinded by a paranoiac fear of our crumbling Western society. . . . *M.J. Mooshie*

offshore oil

Washington, D.C.
Sen. Ernest F. Hollings . . . errs in "Oil & Influence: The Rush to the Sea" [*The Nation*, Jan. 18] when he charges that the federal government's plan to accelerate the sale of offshore oil and gas leases constitutes "one of the biggest potential giveaways of all time." He is also wrong when he says the proposed offshore leasing program would be carried on without environmental protection, without concern for pollution of beaches, and without a fair return to the public.

As the Senator knows, the federal government gives away nothing when it sells the right to search for oil and gas in offshore waters. If anything, these sales can be said to produce "windfall profits" for the government, because oil companies pay into the U.S. Treasury enormous amounts of cash before any drilling begins—money which may not be recovered for many years, if ever. . . .

As for environmental protection, the oil companies and the federal government follow the complex procedures prescribed by law to make certain that every possible step is taken to prevent environmental damage in connection with expanded offshore activities. A preliminary environmental programmatic statement dealing with the leasing of 10 million acres on the outer continental shelf was prepared some months ago, and hearings were slated to be held in Trenton, N.J., Santa Monica, Calif., and Anchorage, Alas., beginning early in February. In addition, specific hearings will be held in each area. . . .

The industry takes pride in its exceptional safety record. More than 18,000 wells have been drilled in U.S. offshore waters over the past quarter-century, and one could count on the fingers of one hand the number of significant oil spills. None of those spills caused permanent ecological damage. Drilling and spill-control technology are constantly moving forward.

Senator Hollings is the victim of misinformation when he charges that the oil and gas companies are deliberately holding back production from thousands of wells in the Gulf of Mexico in efforts to force higher prices. The federal agencies who are responsible for regulating such matters have investigated that recurring rumor and have announced that there is no truth in it. . . .

The Senator complains that new leases sold in 1975 could "produce no energy in the next few years when we need it," so he recommends delaying any action until the government can organize its own exploratory drilling program. . . . The oil-exporting nations have quadrupled their prices because they know we and other nations cannot get along without imports. They would be delighted to see us give up on developing our greatest potential source of energy—the offshore area which is comprised mostly of the federal outer continental shelf. *Wilson M. Laird*
American Petroleum Institute

Washington, D.C.
The essential differences in viewpoint between Mr. Laird and myself stem, I believe, from our different approaches to predicting the consequences of a massive offshore leasing program in 1975. While Mr. Laird relies primarily on the industry's past record, I believe that a quantum leap

(Continued on page 245)

EDITORIALS

Grasping at an Analogy

After taking five months to prepare a program, the President tossed it to the Congress in early January and, without waiting a decent interval for a considered response, took out across the country making speeches of Harry Truman 1948 vintage about a do-nothing Congress. If the President hopes that the people will sense an analogy and respond as they did to Truman, he is mistaken. The analogy is false. In 1948 the Democratic Party still carried a New Deal image. Truman had strong support from organized labor; his campaign was launched at a massive labor rally in Cadillac Square in Detroit, where Ford would hesitate to show his face today. Also, Truman had an established political base; he had been elected Vice President over Wallace and had campaigned with Roosevelt. The economic scene in 1948 was not at all comparable to the present economic scene. Ford represents the party of big business. He has no labor support; even the Teamsters denounce him. And his program can hardly be called "progressive."

That the President should have opted for the Truman strategy is not merely a reflection on his political judgment: it confirms the impression that he presented a program which he knew Congress would not accept without major modifications. But the public is in no mood for "confrontation" politics; it wants strong national leadership, not politics as usual. In much the same way, Ford's nervous denials of recent reports that he might not seek re-election in 1976 lacked credibility because they coincided with his lowest ratings in the polls. It would have been better politics, in the circumstances, if he had ignored the reports and acted as though he were concentrating his attention on the nation's problems, with no thought to 1976. In these and other ways Mr. Ford continues to enhance his growing reputation as a political bungler.

At the New York Republican ceremony honoring the Vice President, the President again sought to stress the Truman analogy. As though we had not fought two wars in the interval, he appealed for bipartisan foreign policy support of the kind associated with the memory of Arthur H. Vandenberg. But again the analogy is false. Roosevelt skillfully cultivated Vandenberg's support because he wanted to insure ratification of the U.N. Charter, thereby avoiding the mistake Wilson had made in not lining up Republican support for the covenant of the League of Nations. The so-called bipartisan foreign policy was designed as a temporary tactic to meet a specific problem, but with the rapid onset of the cold war the temporary alliance for a limited objective became the absurd dogma that "politics stops at the water's edge." Actually, the American party system grew in part out of a dispute over foreign policy; debates on foreign policy had, in fact, been a staple of our politics until the cold war froze, for the better part of two decades, whatever critical intelligence remained in the Senate. Even now Democratic opposition to aspects of the Administration's foreign policy does not question the underlying cold-war assumptions; in most instances Democratic criticism has been advanced belatedly,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reluctantly and almost apologetically, as in the current temporizing debate on aid to Vietnam.

In challenging Congress to give him the same support that Senator Vandenberg sought and got for Truman, the President is barking up the wrong tree. Not only is the analogy misleading but in retrospect it should be clear that the unnatural extension of the Vandenberg-Truman accord was largely responsible for the worst of the cold-war debacles, including Vietnam. In appealing for a renewal of an uncritical bipartisan consensus the President probably arouses more apprehension than enthusiasm. Coming when it did, Truman's death naturally invited comparison of his record with Nixon's wretched performance and, for the moment, arrested the steadily downward adjustment of Truman's reputation in the field of foreign policy. But even now it is not a record that a shrewd politician would want to latch onto uncritically.

Waiting for Reagan

The national conference of conservatives—meaning the ideologically committed right-wing elements of both parties—sponsored by Young Americans for Freedom and the American Conservative Union, adjourned after setting up a thirteen-member committee to study conservative alternatives. The conference resolution made no direct reference to a third party, but that was the alternative most of the delegates preferred. A consensus of sorts emerged on these points:

(*1*) Conservatives have "no stake in Ford"—not a kind word was said for him—and they hate Rockefeller. If Ford were to drop Rockefeller, the delegates would probably not support him; with Rockefeller on the ticket, support is unthinkable.

(*2*) They will challenge Ford's nomination if Ronald Reagan can be induced to enter the lists. But they are aware that Republicans have little tolerance for insurgent movements and the chances are that Ford can be nominated, along with Rockefeller, if he decides to run. But if Ford should step aside, then, of course, liberal Republicans would be challenged for control of the party. So for the time being, the third-party alternative will be studied as a means of keeping the pressure on Ford, but it cannot be launched just now.

(*3*) The third-party option would hinge on whether Reagan was willing to risk it; it would also imply the need to place George Wallace on the ticket to ensnare blue-collar and Southern voters. Should the Democrats nominate some other Southerner, either for President or Vice President, that might induce Wallace to join in a third-party gamble. On the other hand, if the third-party option is closed and Ford and Rockefeller are nominated, the conservative true believers would stay home and sulk. And that is a real possibility, since the delegates were split between intellectuals and operators, on the one hand, and officeholders, such as Senators Buckley, Helms and Thurmond, on the other. Officeholders much prefer to work "within the system," and the authentic conservatives of the party—those without right-wing ideological commitments—would not be inclined to support a third party.

As the number of self-identified Republicans drops in

IN THIS ISSUE

March 1, 1975

EDITORIALS

226

ARTICLES

230 Natural Gas: How to Pay More to Get Less — *Sen. James Abourezk*

Hispaniola Blues:
231 Haiti: Government by Greed — *George Merlis*
233 Policing the Dominican Republic — *Joseph E. Mulligan, S.J.*

237 Detroit Hangs in There: Mayor Young a Year Later — *Remer Tyson*

240 Sweated Home Industry: Delancy Street in Los Angeles — *Paul Shinoff*

243 Soaring Health Costs: Rx for a Sick Industry — *Howard Bray*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

246 Rosengarten: All God's Dangers — *Wendell Berry*
249 Friedenberg: R.D. Laing — *Gordon Burnside*
250 Goytisolo: Count Julian Goytisolo: Marks of Identity — *Barbara Probst Solomon*
250 The Way I Am Lying Here (poem) — *Naomi Lazard*
252 Fleeing the Sacred Shores — *Robert Leiter*
253 Battle Field (poem) — *Ricardo da Silveira Lobo Sternberg*
254 Art — *Lawrence Alloway*

Publisher
JAMES J. STORROW Jr.

Editor
CAREY McWILLIAMS

Associate Publisher
LINDA EDER STORROW

Executive Editor
ROBERT HATCH

Literary Editor
EMILE CAPOUYA

Western Representative
GIFFORD PHILLIPS

Copy Editor, MARION HESS; Poetry Editor, GRACE SCHULMAN; Theatre, HAROLD CLURMAN; Art, LAWRENCE ALLOWAY; Music, DAVID HAMILTON; Dance, NANCY GOLDNER; Architecture, JANE HOLTZ KAY; Science, CARL DREHER; Advertising Manager, MARY SIMON; Circulation Manager, ROSE M. GREEN.

Washington, ROBERT SHERRILL; London, RAYMOND WILLIAMS; Paris, CLAUDE BOURDET; Bonn, C. AMERY; Jerusalem, HERBERT KROSNEY; Canberra, C. P. FITZGERALD; U.N., ANNE TUCKERMAN.

The Nation is published weekly (except the issues of January 4, July 12, July 26, August 9, August 23) by the Nation Company and copyright 1975 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y.

Subscription Price: One year $15; two years, $27.50. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Manuscripts. All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 220
No. 8

The Sherrod Library
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the polls, the number of independents steadily rises. The right-wing ideologues fondly imagine that if they could capture control of the GOP they could arrest this erosion of strength. To them their brand of conservatism is some kind of wave of the future. But if Ford and Rockefeller are nominated, then, from their point of view, they must launch a third party almost as a condition of political survival. What they really want is a third party of their own to treasure and play with. But will their favorite standard-bearer be available? Will Reagan brave it? As a measure of the self-delusion that prevails in these circles, Senator Buckley referred to Reagan as "the Rembrandt of American conservatism," which is a measure of the collapse—the bankruptcy—of anything that might justifiably be termed an authentic conservative movement in the 1970s. But Reagan may not relish the role of a right-wing Henry Wallace. His speech, rather short on those familiar punchy one-liners and larded with ambiguous rhetoric, left many delegates uneasy and disappointed. One Congressional aide described it as "another placebo." So the delegates left Washington unhappy with Ford, loathing Rockefeller, waiting for Reagan, and not quite sure whether they can or should test those icy cold third-party waters.

A Break with the Past

By providing bail and thereby winning a reprieve for seventeen illegal aliens employed in the garment industry of Southern California (*The New York Times*, February 15), the ILGWU has shown the labor movement the direction it should take in its current attempts to cope with the flood of illegal aliens who, at a time of mounting unemployment, are undercutting wage and working conditions in industry after industry (see article by Paul Shinoff, p. 240). Historically, organized labor has taken the position that illegal aliens should be rounded up and deported and that border restrictions should be tightened. But it must be clear by now that there is no practical way to police the Mexican-American border effectively, nor is it feasible to round up and expel all illegal aliens. The cost would be prohibitive and the likelihood is that many would return sooner or later.

And the Mexican-American border is simply an illustration of the fact that in today's world few borders are airtight. This country, along with other industrial nations, is caught up in a new version of the age-old quest for cheap labor. Labor "migrates" only in response to well-known "push" and "pull" factors. When industry is booming, migrants are attracted from the large pools of unemployed or underemployed in the nonindustrial nations; often they are formally recruited (as in Western Europe) or simply attracted by word-of-mouth reports about the availability of jobs. As long as work is available for all, domestic organized labor does not object too vehemently; but once the cycle dips, pressure invariably rises to deport those who have entered illegally or return those who have been legally recruited. The industrial nations of Western Europe are beset by the latter problem at this moment, with no solutions at hand.

In this country, the issue is more complex because it relates almost entirely to illegal aliens. No one knows the total, for it constantly fluctuates, but it is very large. Congress is now considering, as it has in the past, legislation which would make it unlawful for employers to hire illegal aliens. But, if experience is a guide, such legislation will be circumvented.

The ILGWU is on the right track: organize all workers, control the labor market. The "illegals" are part of a new international, mobile proletariat, moving across national boundaries, periodically rounded up for interrogation and possible deportation, living in constant fear of apprehension, and not daring to object to what are often abominable working conditions. But they are decent people, desperate for work. Not to organize them is to pit them against organized workers who are often from the same ethnic, religious and national backgrounds. A $1-million drive is underway to organize workers, including illegal aliens, in nonunion hospitals. And reports indicate that the United Farm Workers are beginning to move in the same direction. Unions cannot protect the gains they have won for their members unless such action is taken. And it happens to be a sound and socially enlightened approach to the general problem. The best way to stop the eternal quest for "cheap labor" is to organize labor markets.

Gun Crazy

For the first time in several years there appears to be a real possibility that the Congress will enact comprehensive gun control legislation. Rep. John Conyers Jr. (D., Mich.), chairman of the House Judiciary subcommittee on crime, has opened hearings on the subject. "I represent a constituency that is fed up with killing and needless tragedy," he said earlier. "By now, no one can legitimately argue that there is any justification for allowing the slaughter on our city streets to continue."

Congress has let that slaughter continue—despite polls showing more than 70 per cent of the American people favor gun control—primarily because of the power of the National Rifle Association to generate perhaps 500,000 letters on signal. But there are signs that the NRA's ability to veto gun control legislation is eroding. Murder rates rose to an estimated one in 10,000 in 1974. The year before, the last for which there are definitive figures, two-thirds of those murdered were killed with firearms, more than half with handguns. As Conyers has pointed out, the American homicide rate is the highest in the world.

Since the passage in 1968 of the fatally inadequate Gun Control Act, patterns of murder have taken a horrifying turn. What Prof. Franklin Zimring of the University of Chicago calls "recreational murders" have been occurring with increasing frequency. Says Joe DiLeonardi, head of the Chicago police homicide section: "Our greatest concern is the young person killing on the street for a thrill. Killing for the fun of it." Senseless murders, too, are becoming more widespread. According to the *Los Angeles Times*, one Chicagoan recently killed his brother, complaining, "He didn't say happy birthday to me." That is but one example of many. The nation's capital was recently struck by the murder of a 22-year-old man, Dennis Banks, who was shot after trying to stop a gang holdup of a city bus driver. Like more than half of the American murder victims in 1973, Banks was black. Eleven days

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

after the slaying, D.C. Delegate Walter Fauntroy introduced legislation to ban handguns.

The consensus for gun control legislation is growing. Big city mayors, members of Congress and police chiefs have spoken out. Writing last month in *The Washington Post*, former Chief Jerry V. Wilson, considered a staunch member of the law'n order camp, asked ". . . what do all those handguns contribute to our society to justify the deaths and crimes of which they are instruments?" According to Zimring's estimates, assault with a gun is five times as likely to kill the victim as assault with a knife. The case for comprehensive gun control was documented years ago and has never been substantially challenged.

The new Congress, missing several of the traditional gun lobby agents, should and can make control of handguns a top priority. The newly formed National Council to Control Handguns should be aided in its efforts to organize heretofore quiet and isolated advocates of gun control. Women's groups, whose members too often have to bear the consequences of sometimes fatal male *machismo*, should actively participate in forging any new legislation. According to *The Christian Science Monitor,* a crime is committed with a gun in America every two minutes. That is something television can constructively show.

Despite a seemingly more favorable atmosphere on Capitol Hill, an extraordinary effort still will be required to push through adequate gun control legislation: "Nothing is likely to happen," Wilson says, "so long as handgun lovers write to their legislators, while handgun control advocates answer pollsters' inquiries and are otherwise silent."

If Congress is not to strike out once again it must aim at legislation which imposes a ban against ownership and possession of handguns (with a few narrowly defined exceptions), provides for a period within which these guns can be surrendered in exchange for a stipulated schedule of payments (thereafter illegal possession of a handgun would constitute a criminal offense), and regulates the sale of ammunition for such guns. Even with legislation that meets these specifications, it will take a long time to reduce substantially the number of handguns.

The Shorter Work-Week

Government planners in Washington are preparing legislation that would give at least some federal workers a choice of variants to the conventional five-day work-week. Although experimental, the program could point the way to one partial solution to the crisis of the jobless, and it just might lead to needed redefinitions of work and leisure in our contracting economy.

For at least twenty years, the idea of a four-day or shortened work-week has been occasionally suggested and, less frequently, tried. [See Edward Ziegler's "The Inevitable 4 Day Week," *The Nation*, August 20, 1959.] It still may be inevitable—and welcome—if experimental implementation takes into account practical pitfalls as well as theoretical promise. In the past, the four-day week has generally meant no more than a reshuffling of hours, as four ten-hour days being substituted for five eight-hour shifts. Many workers disliked that experiment; overtime was sometimes lost and moonlighting became difficult. When actual work-time has been cut, wages have been trimmed accordingly. That, too, has been understandably unpopular among those on the short end of the cutbacks.

Rarely tried has been the *shorter* work-week—without reduced pay—which would spread work rather than salaries among the labor force and provide enough free time for employee enrichment through productive leisure alternatives that have yet to be fully explored. The idea has never been more appropriate in the post-World War II era. Without remedial action, automation, seen as a major threat to working people as early as the 1950s, may turn out to be the bane of the 1970s. In the current depressed economy, management will probably use the spreading "temporary" layoff periods to plan for and install machinery designed to increase what management measures as productivity. If and when demand returns to earlier levels, it is likely that fewer and fewer hours of work will be required to meet it. A shorter work-week could provide a check against long-term unemployment.

Perhaps just as compellingly, a shorter work-week, or periodic sabbaticals for workers, could engender a more educated and competent work force, if the increased leisure time were used for financially accessible training and enrichment. The burden of alienated work could be substantially lifted if workers were given an opportunity for job-related education, and followed up such training with demands for greater involvement with their work. Furthermore, there is no just reason why workers should be denied the kind of general enrichment now available only to those with the time and money to pursue it. Many states discourage unemployed workers from seeking specialized or general training; unemployment compensation is in some cases denied those enrolled in educational institutions.

A restructuring of work schedules could involve other fruitful variants. In addition to simply reducing work-time or offering sabbaticals, educational time and programs could be incorporated directly into the job experience with, say, fifteen of the forty hours of the conventional week set aside for personal development. Further study and experimentation promise a wide range of possibilities.

Far from being utopian, the shorter work-week is becoming a practical necessity, a vital alternative to the recurrent unemployment explosion and plain inability of the economy to provide sufficient, let alone meaningful, work. As a not insubstantial side effect, the extension of productive leisure time would give the suffering education industry a much-needed tonic. Labor fears about past efforts at work sharing could be alleviated by union and governmental prohibition of accompanying wage sharing. This would insure that the limits to growth, whether sought or encountered, are no limits to human development.

Bank Handout

With the federal deficit zooming, Sen. William Proxmire (D., Wis.) has introduced legislation that would end a $400-million-a-year giveaway by requiring banks to pay interest on federal deposits they now hold interest-free.

For years the excuse for the interest-free accounts has been that the banks provide compensatory administrative services, but Proxmire notes that at the current high interest rates, these government deposits have become very

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

profitable items. More than 80 per cent of federal revenues flow through these accounts, he says, with the majority being withholding taxes taken from wage earners' paychecks. His bill would require banks to pay 1 per cent less interest than the going federal funds, or interbank loan, rate—the 1 per cent being compensation for any administrative services rendered.

The bill deserves Congressional support. For years, the General Accounting Office has complained that the government was not being adequately paid for use of its deposits. Proxmire has a reputation as a watchdog over federal waste. Now that he is head of the Senate Committee on Banking, Housing and Urban Affairs, he can promote legislation like this which would do something about it.

NATURAL GAS

HOW TO PAY MORE TO GET LESS

SEN. JAMES ABOUREZK

Washington

As a solution to one aspect of the current energy crisis, the merit of the Ford Administration's proposal to repeal present regulatory control over natural gas sales is less than self-evident. It requires no doctorate in economics or psychology to know that a shortage in an essential commodity tempts sellers to exact excessive profits from their captive buyers.

Nonetheless, the industry's long campaign for decontrol—two earlier attempts were vetoed by, respectively, Presidents Truman and Eisenhower—as well as its efforts to draw sustenance from the present shortage, suggest the desirability of taking a close look at the arguments assembled by the oil industry and the Administration in support of decontrol. First, we are told, regulation of the prices at which producers sell natural gas at the wellhead does not work; by holding prices "artificially low," regulation discourages the producers, thus limiting exploration and development. Second, while conceding that deregulation will raise the consumer's gas bill, the proponents of decontrol contend that higher prices are essential if the supply of natural gas is to be increased. Third, the argument runs, present shortages are intolerable, and deregulation is the only hope. None of these arguments has merit.

The claim that regulation has not worked is a rewriting of history that assumes the public to have a very short memory indeed. From the advent of federal regulation in 1954 until 1969, the volume of natural gas sold in interstate commerce increased dramatically—from 5 trillion cubic feet in 1954 to 14 trillion cubic feet in 1969—and the largest portion of this growth occurred during 1961-69, when the wellhead price was relatively stable, at approximately 17¢ per 1,000 cubic feet (Mcf). Though it is often forgotten now, natural gas was in oversupply as recently as the mid-1960s, after a decade of federal regulation. Thus for at least fifteen years, until 1969, regulation of natural gas prices by the Federal Power Commission did work to assure the nation an adequate supply of this basic energy source at a reasonable price.

But while there is no basis for the claim that regulation has not worked, there may, unfortunately, be some basis for the charge that it is not working now. Beginning in 1970, the Nixon appointees on the commission accepted the oil industry's premise that the way to avoid impending shortages of natural gas was to allow higher prices; and when these higher prices led not to increased supplies but to even greater shortages, the commission responded with still higher prices. Admittedly, federal "regulation," as it is now being implemented by the FPC, is not working and cannot be expected to work, but that is hardly the fault of the regulatory statute, and is no argument for its repeal.

The fact that the FPC has adopted a policy of allowing the industry repeated price hikes, as long as it can maintain a shortage, while unfortunate on substantive grounds, does at least provide a performance record for evaluating the second argument—that higher prices will end the gas shortage. That is precisely the theory that the FPC has, at the oil industry's urging, followed for the past five years, and it has led to *higher prices, but no more gas.* In 1971, the commission raised the price for new supplies from 19¢ to 26¢ per Mcf, on the strength of the industry's representation that adequate supplies would be forthcoming at 26¢. When the shortage persisted, the commission in 1972 and 1973 devised a series of exceptions to permit new sales in the 35¢-to-45¢ range; when these techniques, of dubious legality, failed to increase supply, the commission, in June 1974, raised the price for all new and much old gas to 50¢ per Mcf; and in December 1974 it increased the level to 58¢—*three times the level in effect in 1971*! And each increase has been granted without any examination of the profits being made by the industry prior to the increase!

The reason exorbitant prices, with concomitant exorbitant profits for the industry, have not and will not end the gas shortage is simple enough. The same handful of companies which account for the vast majority of natural gas sales and control the majority of gas reserves—Exxon, Mobil, Texaco, Gulf, Shell, Standard of Indiana, Continental, Phillips—also control every competing energy source, including oil and coal. Thus, if the gas shortage forces an industry in Indiana or a university in New Jersey to switch from gas to oil, the same producers reap the large additional profits guaranteed by the Administration's policy of permitting the price of domestically produced oil to be fixed not by free market forces but by the OPEC cartel.

While the gas shortage is indeed intolerable, a feeling that we should "do something" should not lead

Sen. James Abourezk is junior Senator from South Dakota.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

us to adopt a deregulation proposal that will transfer vast sums of money from the already depleted pockets of the consumer to the already overstuffed pockets of the energy industry, without any real probability of easing the shortage. Nor is this issue simply one of the oil industry versus the consumer; it is becoming increasingly evident that escalating energy costs, while exceedingly profitable for the oil companies, are inexorably crushing other major segments of the economy—from automobiles to utilities.

Given the oil industry's pervasive control over all energy sources, is there any constructive action that can be taken? Fortunately, there is. The bulk of new gas supplies is expected to come from underwater coastal areas, controlled by the federal government. We are not reduced to pleading, through the device of constantly higher prices, with the oil companies to please produce *their* gas. The untapped reserves belong to all of us, and increased public participation in and control over the development of reserves on federal lands may well be the only long-range solution both to the gas shortage and to the broader energy shortage of which it is a part. Surely it makes little sense for the federal government, through the Interior Department, to continue granting federal leases on these prolific offshore areas to the international oil companies at a time when, because of an Administration policy that rewards continuing shortages with ever higher prices, it becomes in the economic interest of those companies to limit production.

Remedial legislation is certainly in order, but deregulation of natural gas prices is precisely the wrong remedy. □

HISPANIOLA BLUES

Haiti: Government by Greed

GEORGE MERLIS

A few weeks ago, one of Haiti's top military pilots took his Korean War-vintage helicopter up on a routine training flight. The helicopter crashed, destroying one-sixth of the country's helicopter force and critically injuring the favorite pilot of President-for-life Jean-Claude "Bébé Doc" Duvalier.

Now, the country's air force is largely grounded. It is grounded because the other pilots won't fly. They won't fly because their equipment is in a dismal state of repair. The aircraft are in disrepair because there are no spare parts for them. There are no spare parts because Aero Trade, Inc., the Miami-based firm which sold Haiti all its planes, won't ship any spare parts. Aero Trade won't ship parts until Haiti pays the company the $1 million it owes for the initial procurement of the aircraft. And Bébé Doc won't pay.

Bébé Doc's government is tight-fisted when it comes to payments, but always open-handed when it comes to collecting money. It's bad enough to make an arms merchant nostalgic for the iron dictatorship of Bébé's father, François Duvalier, who died four years ago, leaving his "republic" to his then-19-year-old son. "The old man," an Aero Trade official told me somewhat wistfully, "always paid his bills. And he paid them on time." Perhaps that was because "Papa Doc" was more interested in power than in money. He solidified his power through a reign of terror, and he kept his government "honest"—by Haitian standards—through an unending series of purges.

The new technocrats who make up the ranks of Bébé Doc's government seem to be as efficient at graft as Papa Doc's Tontons Macoutes were at murder. Not that the Tontons—free-lance secret policemen and political terrorists—are missing from the current Haitian scene. Despite protestations from government officials that *(a)* the Tontons didn't do all that killing; and *(b)* they've been disbanded, so the killing has stopped, any observant visitor can spot civilians packing handguns, usually a pistol shoved casually in the trouser waistband. In a country where gun control is *absolute,* that is a sure badge of Tonton membership. During the week I spent in Haiti filming for ABC's *Reasoner Report,* I had two drivers—one a self-styled "capitalist," the other a Tonton.

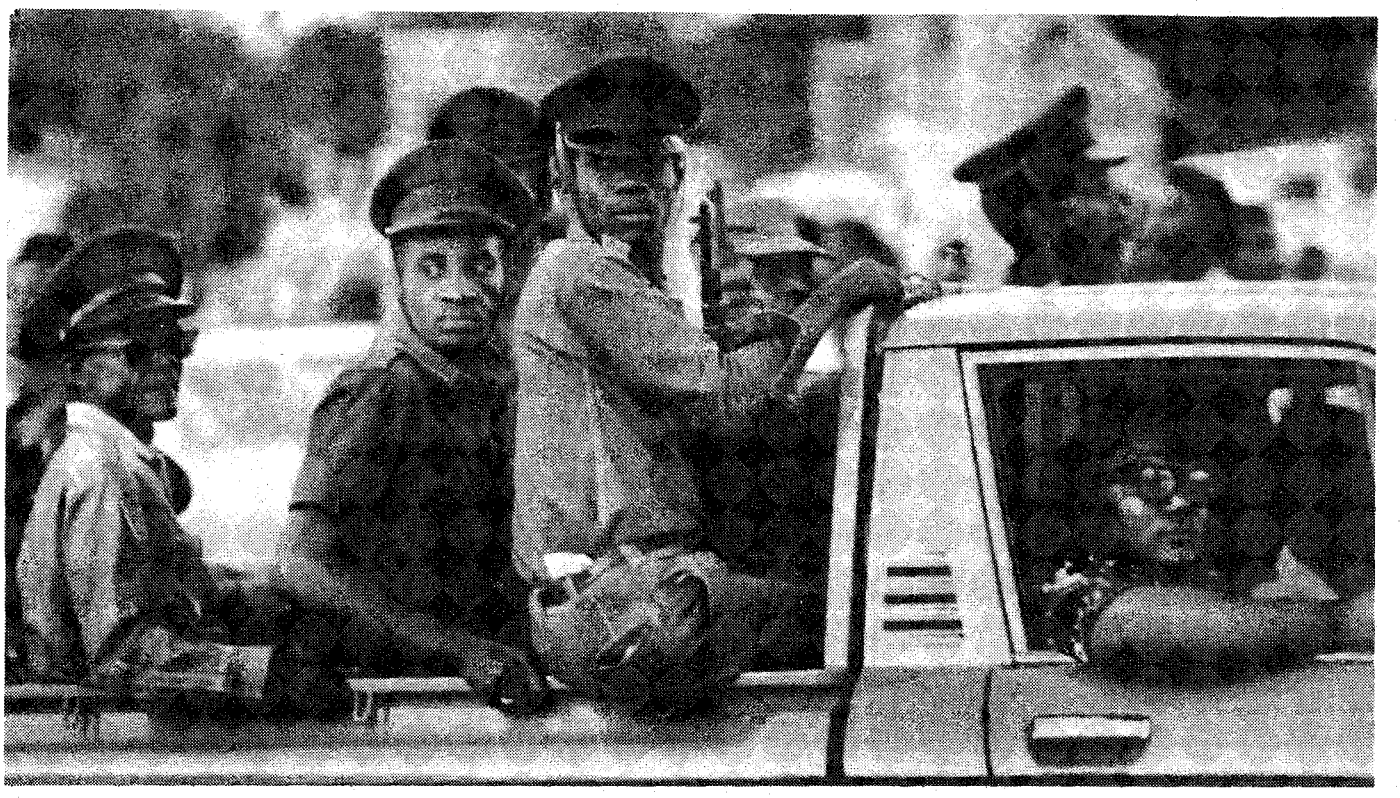
Haitians who deny their continued existence say the Tontons are no longer needed because Papa Doc's "political revolution" is being replaced by Bébé Doc's "economic revolution." The economic revolution is being fought on the same moral and humanitarian level as was the political revolution. And the victims, the Haitian peasants, are the same. Greed has replaced paranoia as the motivating force behind government. It's not much of an improvement.

For this government, every turn of events presents an opportunity for accumulating more money—even the weather can line the pockets of Bébé Doc's grafters. Twice a year, during the spring and fall rainy seasons, Haiti is plagued with floods. The country is extremely mountainous, the trees have been cut from most of the slopes for fuel and the government has done virtually no reforestation. So when the rains come, the unprotected soil turns to mud and the mud slides down the mountains and into the valleys, doing tremendous damage.

After each rainy season, the government shakes down the Haitian elite and foreign business interests for flood-relief "contributions." It is understood that a sizable contribution is part of the cost of doing business in Haiti. This past fall the floods tore away a key bridge—the

George Merlis is a field producer for The Reasoner Report *(ABC News). Film he has just brought back from Haiti will air on that program the weekend of March 8-9.*

ETSU LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Tontons Macoutes Riding in a Holiday Procession; Port-au-Prince, January 2.

bridge on Rue Delmas, Port-au-Prince, which connects Haiti's few factories with the airport and the dock. With the bridge down, a slow, bumpy, dusty detour was necessary for the trucks hauling goods for export.

So the screws were tightened more than usual and extra large contributions to flood relief were extracted. The bridge was washed away in October; although it is a short, simple span, it still hasn't been replaced. Meanwhile, hundreds of thousands of dollars were collected to do the job—a job one engineer estimated could be accomplished for no more than $50,000. One disgruntled businessman told me he personally knew of two six-figure contributions to rebuild the bridge and he supposed there had been others. "There is a limit to how much they can steal," he complained. "Why don't they rebuild the bridge with *some* of it?"

The business community is subject to more than the flood-relief drive. Owners of Haiti's handful of manufacturing plants are expected to pay off the Labor Ministry to insure that workers remain docile—and low-paid. The minimum wage in Haiti, and often it is the maximum, is $1.30. That's $1.30 a *day,* not an hour! The manufacturing plants turn out electronic components, wigs, baseballs and other items made from imported materials and then exported. Haiti's sole contribution to the products is exceedingly cheap labor—the cheapest in all the Americas.

On $1.30 a day a Haitian and his family can get by—barely subsist—but even that is getting tougher, since the rate of inflation has been about 20 per cent a year for the past three years. While the price of labor has remained fairly constant, the cost of insuring that labor will remain cheap has gone up. One businessman told me his annual payoff to the Labor Ministry used to run around $20,000 a year. Now, he says, ministry officials come around frequently, making it clear that the $20,000 he gave them at the start of the year was only a down payment.

Even with escalating payoffs, it is extremely profitable to operate an assembly plant in Haiti. A plant owner makes about $1 an hour on the output of each laborer. The workers put in nine-hour days, which means that the plant owner makes better than $8 a day per worker. A plant with 250 workers brings the *patron* $2,000 a day—much of it clear profit. Aside from labor ($325 a day for a crew of 250), his costs are power and water (but never air conditioning, even when the temperature climbs above 100 degrees), amortization on his cinder-block factory (but not on his machinery, which is supplied by his clients), taxes (which are low) and payoffs (which are getting higher).

Faced with higher payoffs to a handful of government officials or higher wages for a large number of factory workers, most *patrons* will grumble a little about corruption and pay the bribes. It is easier—and cheaper—to accept the present system than to try to change it. And it doesn't take a long memory to recall that Papa Doc never hesitated to throw the wealthy as well as the poor into the tiny, airless cells of Fort Dimanche. Bébé Doc *is* his father's son. And he still has the Tontons Macoutes.

A uniquely Haitian rip-off is "nonfiscalized" revenues —money the state collects but which never is entered on the national ledgers as income. No one knows what happens to this money since, from a budget point of view, it doesn't exist. But it's a safe bet that it doesn't go for badly needed social welfare measures.

Sen. Edward Brooke, an unabashed apologist for the new Duvalier regime, issued a report last year which

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

estimated that as much as $10 million a year in government revenues is nonfiscalized. That's about *20 per cent* of the country's budget. Recently, Bébé Doc announced that Reynolds Aluminum would pay a retroactive tax increase for the bauxite ore it mines in Haiti. He added that, hereafter, Reynolds' tax payments would be fiscalized. To many observers that was an admission that previous Reynolds payments had not been fiscalized.

In late December and early January, Reynolds made two payments to Haiti, totaling $7 million. The "back-tax" payments have yet to be fiscalized—although fairly widespread knowledge of the payments in this country and among the Haitian business community may force the government eventually to account for these revenues.

Meanwhile, U.S. tax laws enable companies doing business overseas to deduct from their U.S. tax obligation the *full amount* of foreign taxes. Thus, to make up for that $7 million paid to Haiti, Reynolds presumably will pay $7 million less in American taxes. Bribes and payoffs, however, come under the tax heading of business expenses, not foreign taxes, and become line deductions—worth a lot less in U.S. tax savings than foreign tax payments. A case could probably be made that the nonfiscalized payments by Reynolds—or any other company doing business in Haiti—are not taxes. However, only the companies would be punished—the Haitian rulers already have their money. Perhaps, though, that sort of punishment might force American companies to demand that their "tax payments" be treated as tax income.

What happens to the ripped-off funds? An American involved in making purchases on Bébé Doc's personal behalf told me he had negotiated the purchase of a yacht for the 23-year-old dictator, as well as the purchase of a large fleet of expensive sports cars which Bébé Doc presented to his stable of girl friends. In addition, he said, the young President has an impressive collection of sports and luxury cars of his own, a mini-fleet of the latest motorcycles and several expensive houses in Haiti. His three sisters own numerous mansions in Haiti, the United States and France. All of this, presumably, on the Presidential salary of $25,000 a year. (His sisters are unsalaried.)

Haiti, with its soaring mountains and rugged shoreline, is probably the most beautiful country in the Caribbean. Before French rule was overthrown in 1804, it was the richest, too. In fact, Haiti was the most profitable colony in history—earning for its mother country more than the thirteen colonies combined earned for England and more than any single Spanish colony earned in the New World.

Today, Haiti has a population of 5 million, most of them descended from the slaves who successfully revolted against the French. They are the worst-fed people in the Western Hemisphere; nutrition in Haiti is only slightly better than it is in Bangladesh. They are so poor that they have no level of expectation, so they accept their wretched lot with few complaints. In the cities Haitians live in packing-crate slums, and on the slopes they live in mud huts on farms too small to feed a single family. But nowhere does one sense a spark of rebellion. Years of government-conducted terror robbed them of their spirit of independence. Now, government corruption and greed are simply robbing them. Sadly, most Haitians don't even know it. □

Policing the Dominican Republic

JOSEPH E. MULLIGAN, S.J.

Baseball didn't work. As a result, I discovered recently, while sightseeing in Santo Domingo at the headquarters of the U.S. Agency for International Development, that "foreign aid" has provided equipment for a different kind of contest: police cars, paddy wagons, shortwave radios, uniforms, boots, holsters, rifles, shotguns, ammunition, four air conditioners and a freezer for the Dominican National Police.

If baseball had served the purpose suggested by James Mark Sullivan, American Minister in the Dominican Republic in 1913, there would have been no need for the heavier counterinsurgency measures which the United States found it necessary to adopt, beginning with the occupation of the country from 1916 to 1924. Sumner Welles, in his detailed history of the Dominican Republic entitled *Naboth's Vineyard* (published in 1928), describes how Sullivan, arriving at Puerto Plata, where the United States Government had taken over the custom house in 1904 because the Dominican Government was not paying off a $4.5 million debt to the "San Domingo Improvement Company" of New York, was bothered by an ongoing, "unjustifiable" Dominican revolution. Welles says that, reporting on a "remedy for the situation, Sullivan advised Secretary Bryan [State Department] to take serious note of the fact that baseball was becoming popular in the Dominican Republic, and by no means to minimize the importance of this phenomenon, since it would unquestionably prove 'a real substitute for the excitement of revolutions.'"

Baseball became a popular sport, but did not have the immediate diversionary effect predicted by Sullivan. The revolutionaries, despite repeated and explicit warnings from the United States, continued to challenge the government and to endanger the collection of customs duties by U.S. officials in payment of the foreign debt. In 1916, President Wilson ordered the military occupation of the country; the Marines stayed until 1924.

During the occupation, the Marines created, financed and provided the officers for the new National Police.

Joseph Mulligan is a priest working in Chicago with the Jesuit Project for Third World Awareness. From 1970 to 1972 he served a federal prison sentence for the destruction of draft files (Chicago 15 action; May 1969).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This, their legacy when they finally left, was the system through which Trujillo made his way to dictatorial power. Though the Marine police officers were gradually replaced by Dominicans, U.S. "assistance" has continued through the years—since 1961 under the aegis of AID's Office of Public Safety.

Between 1962 and 1971, Office of Public Safety expenditures in the Dominican Republic totaled $3.5 million making that small Caribbean land the fourth largest Latin American recipient of U.S. police aid—after Brazil, Colombia and Guatemala (Staff Memo of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations). During that period, all of Latin America received more than $51 million for policing the people, while the total "aid" provided by the Office of Public Safety, mainly to contain Third-World revolutionary movements, amounted to about $283 million, some two-thirds of which was allocated to Southeast Asia. From 1961 to 1971, 174 Dominican police personnel were trained in the United States in the latest techniques of crowd control and counterinsurgency; and in 1968 fifteen resident "public safety advisers" were operating in the Dominican Republic, making that country second only to Brazil, which had seventeen.

Like baseball, this relatively low-profile assistance did not prove sufficient, so in 1965 President Johnson ordered the second major invasion, and the pro-Bosch forces were crushed by the presence of 30,000 U.S. troops. In 1966, U.S. AID personnel in the Dominican Republic reached the all-time high of 165. Tad Szulc of *The New York Times* reported shortly after the invasion that an American "special staff was acting for all practical purposes as the civilian government. . . . Money was being lent to the junta to pay salaries. Thus, in every way, the United States was running the Dominican Republic" (*Dominican Diary*, 1965). AID reports that during the "civil conflict and provisional government period (April 1965-July 1966)," a total of $94.3 million in supporting assistance loans and grants were authorized, whereas for the three previous years only $56.5 million had been authorized. The AID report dated December 31, 1972 notes that, of the above-mentioned sum, about $75.8 million was "used to pay government salaries and other operating expenses," explaining that this was meant "to help avoid a complete institutional breakdown." (The modern counterpart of this political and military puppetry is the Lon Nol regime in Cambodia, where 96 per cent of the 1974 budget is provided by the U.S. aid program.)

According to the 1966 AID Police Plan for the Dominican Republic, "the broad objective of the Public Safety Program is to develop the National Police into a modern, professional law-enforcement organization, capable of maintaining law and order and of constituting an effective first-line of defense against subversion." Subversion, whether in the Dominican Republic or Vietnam, is understood to cover any serious revolutionary threat to the native oligarchy and to the international economic imperialism which that oligarchy serves. The Police Plan goes on to call for direct-grant assistance of $720,000 for fiscal 1967 and explains that, while this is but 4.7 per cent of the police budget, "for U.S. objectives it provides the necessary leverage."

These objectives were made clear by Gen. Maxwell Taylor in his address at the 1965 graduating exercises of the International Police Academy in Washington, "The outstanding lesson [of Vietnam] is that we should never let another Vietnam-type situation arise again. . . . We have learned the need for a strong police force and strong police intelligence organization to assist in identifying early the symptoms of an incipient subversive situation" (Newsletter of the North American Congress on Latin America, July-August 1971). The purpose of the 1965 invasion of the Dominican Republic was clear in the early reports from the Embassy and in President Johnson's later explanations—to prevent "another Cuba" which would threaten U.S. interests. Prof. Juan Bosch, who had been President of the country in 1963, while obviously not a Communist, would indeed have put serious restrictions on the holdings and profit taking of the multinational corporations.

The Dominican National Police, like the army, is regarded with suspicion by the general populace and with utter contempt by the politically conscious students, workers and others who see the omnipresent and heavily armed police as the hired guards of the rich minority. During my stay in the Dominican Republic, I noticed that a recurrent theme in the newspapers was the callousness and brutality of the police, who do not hesitate to use their conspicuous rifles and machine guns against those who oppose President Balaguer. Even in the small towns, police patrolling the streets receive scarcely a nod from the people. It is not uncommon for an arrested student, opposition politician or community leader to "disappear." Tension between the police and the Church varies from place to place. In one town the parish community has organized a cooperative, built more than fifty modest but adequate houses, and coordinated the construction of a canal for irrigation (in the absence of governmental attention to the needs of the small farmers); at the same time, the local police, under the command of a lieutenant trained in the United States, use every possible means of harassment and intimidation in their campaign against the social efforts of the Church. Since it would be politically inexpedient to arrest the popular parish priest, the police focus their repression on those who work with him—searching their homes and occasionally finding allegedly "subversive" literature, threatening their families, arresting them and dragging them to court, etc. In response, the priest delivers some of the most vigorous, prophetic sermons in the land.

When Balaguer took possession of the Presidency for his third term on August 16, his carefully orchestrated "celebration" was played out in the midst of a military and police occupation which turned the entire country into something resembling a maximum-security prison for about a week. But in spite of this intimidation, there was a widespread strike, especially on the part of drivers and merchants, in protest against the sham inauguration.

Having been thus introduced to the reality of the Dominican police, I was interested in learning more about the role played in it by the United States. On a stroll through Santo Domingo I passed Balaguer's highly guarded house, the papal nunciature next door, the U.S.

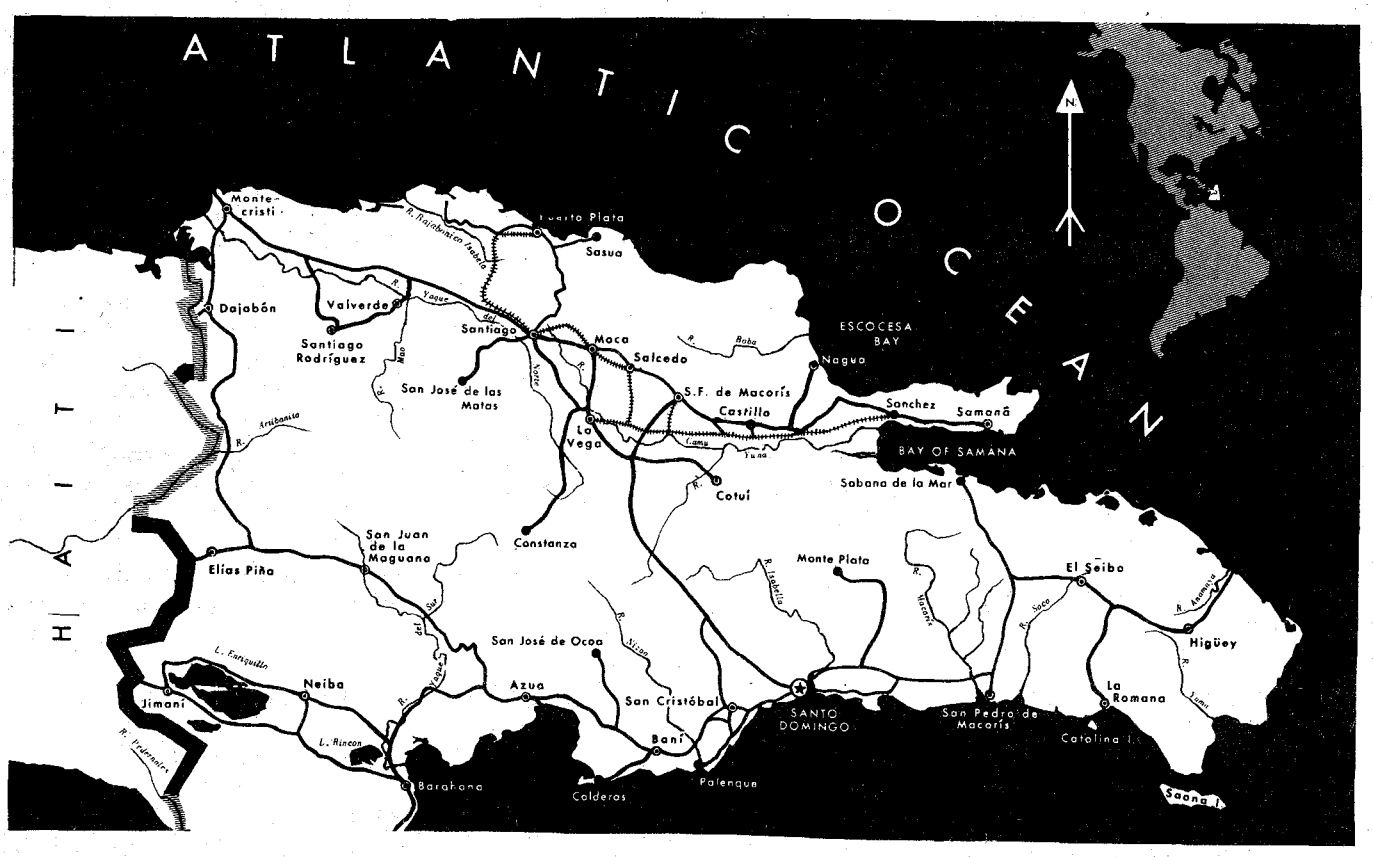
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Consulate and the U.S. Embassy, finally arriving at the AID building. Introducing myself as a teacher, priest, student of Spanish and tourist, I expressed my interest in learning "what the United States is doing for these people." For several hours I read through some official AID reports which, while interesting, did not contain any material on police aid. Pursuing the issue the next day, I was told that the Office of Public Safety used to be very active, but no longer exists. I was handed two thick folders of telegrams, copies of letters, financial statements, etc., which I studied during the afternoon, taking copious notes in the absence of a duplicating machine.

The first document in the folder was an "invitation for bids," prepared and sent out by the National Police, dated April 3, 1971. They were in the market for thirty-eight police cars, three trucks—"3/4-ton panel van suitable for police transport" (thus, paddy wagons)—and one half-ton pickup. The invitation clearly stated: "All vehicles must have source and origin in the U.S.A." Loans for the police, like other AID financing, are tied to the purchase of U.S.-manufactured products, which may be much more expensive than their counterparts from West Germany, Japan or other industrialized nations; foreign aid, in the long run, can be seen as a governmental subsidy to corporate exports.

These vehicles were to be purchased by the National Police with AID Loan 517-K-019. This loan, amounting to about $200,000, would also finance the purchase of radio equipment which, according to a document dated August 16, 1971, would cost $46,313. It was obtained from Motorola in Schaumburg, Ill. Slightly more than a month after the Chief of Police sent out the vehicle bids, the Big Three responded eagerly, each emphasizing the special benefits of its offer. The thirty-eight sedans were bought from Chrysler, the three panel vans and the pickup from General Motors. A "status report" of February 17, 1972 had the radios listed rather curiously under "Community Development." An earlier report had classified them as "Community Equipment"; the original report had used the more honest category of "Communications Equipment."

Another 1972 document noted approval for AID financing of various parts from Jeep International in Milwaukee, amounting to $3,290.20. A letter of October 27, 1971 approved the AID financing of four air conditioners for the National Police: one was supposedly destined for the "medical supply storage room," and three for the "radio parts storage and repair shop." The credibility gap between the police and the people being even wider than that induced in the United States by Watergate, I could not suppress the suspicion that four lucky police higher-ups had air-conditioned homes by the summer of 1972. The letter also provided a freezer to store food at the National Police headquarters, an amenity deemed necessary for "promoting the health of these men." No one would begrudge the average Dominican cop his daily bread, but one might ask whether U.S. policy has shown a fraction of this concern for the health of the majority of the population. Relatively healthy police, not only fed but armed and trained with U.S. help, forcefully perpetuate a *status quo* where per-capita income is less than $300, well over 30 per cent are unemployed, almost half of the *campesinos* subsist on one meal of rice and beans a day, pathetic crowds of children beg in the streets, entire wards of hospitals are filled with starvation victims, etc.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A September 13, 1971 report from the Public Safety Adviser declares the following as "eligible for funding": police uniforms, $9,682; boots, $2,773; fifteen holsters, $52.50. Listed as already procured through grant funds were the following: under "Ordnance," rifles, shotguns, and ammunition amounting to $7,554 and general equipment (knives, flashlights, etc.) coming to $2,283; under "Automotive," tires, tubes and batteries costing $2,999; and for medical supplies, $5,931. The outspoken Dominican weekly *Ahora* published, in its issue of July 29, 1974, an article by José A. Moreno of the University of Pittsburgh describing the AID-financed police training: "AID subsidized the creation of the National Police Academy, the High Command School, and the Police College in Santo Domingo . . . which would have as trainers the graduates of the International Police Academy in Washington and the Inter-American Police Academy in Panama. According to an AID document, already in 1966 some 1,541 police had completed an intensive course. . . ." (One can find such reports in the Dominican print media, since 59 per cent of the people are illiterate; government repression of radio broadcasting is much more severe. This past summer the name of Peña Gomez, head of the popular Dominican Revolutionary Party, could not be mentioned on radio or TV, nor could any of his statements be broadcast.)

Professor Moreno notes the link between the CIA and AID: "It is no secret in Santo Domingo that AID's Department of Public Safety is nothing more than a façade for the operations of the CIA. Dan Mitrioni [anti-hero of *State of Siege*], the communications expert who was later executed by the Tupamaros in Uruguay, was in charge of operations in Santo Domingo after the 1965 insurrection." AID officials say that they no longer have an Office of Public Safety in the Dominican Republic, but there is reason to suspect that their partners in the CIA have taken over police support. A clergyman who spent eight years in the Dominican Republic and now heads a U.S. church office on Latin American concerns told me that he holds this suspicion. Sen. James Abourezk has proposed an amendment to abolish the International Police Academy, but a clause allowing the CIA to train foreign police could not be eliminated.

CIA penetration of AID has been documented and probably continues. David Fairchild, who was with AID in the Dominican Republic for eighteen months in 1966-67, revealed in an interview in the NACLA Newsletter of November 1970 (translated and published in the Dominican *El Nacional*, December 31, 1970): "There were six positions in the Public Safety Division of AID which were CIA officials. They were CIA employees. They were paid by AID because there was no way of keeping the accounting separate without exposing them. Their location there was unknown to other members of Public Safety. . . . They worked with the police . . . in intelligence, communications, management training."

It is important to emphasize again that the Dominican police do not spend their time finding lost children, helping the blind to cross streets, or solving family squabbles. Such governmental social services are practically unknown in the country. Professor Moreno summarizes their role: "If the principal enemy of the alliance between the oligarchy and the bourgeoisie is the people, it is necessary to prevent at all cost the organization and uprising of the people. With this objective in mind, the United States by means of AID has tried to restructure and modernize the Dominican police."

The economic roots of American foreign policy must be exposed throughout the Third World. In the Dominican Republic, U.S. military support, like police aid and training, serves to shore up a repressive regime ("neo-Trujillista") which guards the present maldistribution of wealth and property and which assures foreign (mostly American) corporations a "safe climate for investment." Gulf & Western, owning one-third of the sugar production in the Dominican Republic and now expanding into Hawaiian sugar as well, eager to maintain and increase its highly profitable holdings in the Dominican Republic (tourism, cattle, finance, theatres, as well as the increasingly lucrative sugar industry), would not rejoice at the inauguration of a socially minded leader like Juan Bosch, who told me in an interview that he would nationalize Gulf & Western, "the symbol of U.S. imperialism." This kind of social philosophy has made him unacceptable in the eyes of the American Goverment/corporate complex.

Monopolizing another important natural resource, the Aluminum Company of America, whose stockholders include Nelson A. Rockefeller (a mere 750 shares), does not want to pay more than $5 per ton for bauxite extracted in the Dominican Republic. While the aluminum process does require a great deal of costly electricity, the finished product, aluminum ingots at 33.5¢ per pound, returns a handsome profit. Alcoa's net income of $104 million in 1973 is attributable in no small measure to the generosity of the Balaguer regime. And according to an October 17, 1974 report in *The Wall Street Journal*, Alcoa reported that third-quarter earnings rose almost 83 per cent for a nine-month net income of $138.2 million. Falconbridge Nickel, a Canadian company financed with U.S. capital, reported a net income of $55 million for 1973; in that year the company mined 2.3 million dry short tons of nickel ore at Bonao, an increasingly polluted city about 100 miles north of the capital. The neighborhood where the mostly Canadian executives of Falconbridge live, in new ranch-style homes with two cars in most driveways, is an island of North American luxury in the midst of an exploited and repressed people. John Connally, a close associate of President Johnson and charged with receiving bribes from the milk industry during the Nixon administration, is a director of Falconbridge.

Though superpower rivalry and strategic concerns stemming from the Monroe Doctrine have played some part in U.S. thinking about the Dominican Republic (even from the early years of this century, when there was fear of German encroachment to collect Dominican debts), there has always been an important substratum of economic interest at work in the formation of U.S. policy. When summoned to cover the 1965 events in the Dominican Republic, Tad Szulc had been writing about Maj. Gen. Smedley Butler of the U.S. Marine Corps, who had led the U.S. occupation forces after the 1916 invasion. Butler later reminisced in this way about his military career:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I helped make Mexico, and especially Tampico, safe for American oil interests. I helped make Haiti and Cuba a decent place for the National City Bank boys to collect revenue in. I helped pacify Nicaragua for the international banking house of Brown Brothers. I brought light to the Dominican Republic for American sugar interests. I helped make Honduras "right" for American fruit companies. (*Common Sense*, Nov. 19, 1933.)

Those American sugar interests (now part of Gulf & Western) still rely upon the U.S. Government to "enlighten" Dominican politicians. The baseball craze has not proved to be "a real substitute for the excitement of revolutions." □

DETROIT HANGS IN THERE

MAYOR YOUNG A YEAR LATER

REMER TYSON

Detroit

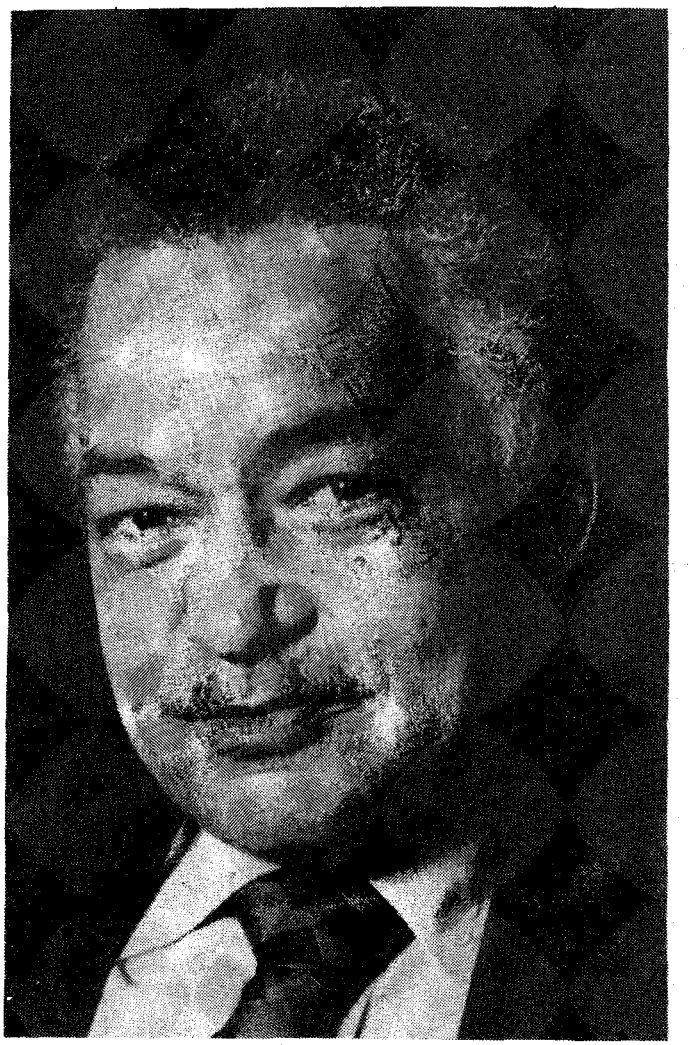
Coleman A. Young's first year as the first black Mayor of Detroit was one of notable achievement: the city remains intact, mostly, and survived his worst fear: that some hate-eyed white sharpshooter from within his own Police Department might try to assassinate him. The city payroll was met each week, with the help of a few hundred layoffs. The garbage got picked up. The teachers didn't strike. The police didn't revolt. Blacks increased their share of high-paying City Hall jobs about 50 per cent without losing the 90 per cent they already held on the garbage trucks.

Detroit's main growth, the crime rate, increased by almost 16 per cent. Homicides topped 800 for the first time in history, preserving the city's image as murder capital of the world. The market for dope continued strong.

But racial tensions eased, probably for three main reasons: *(1)* blacks continued their inordinate trust in Young, one of their own off the corner who paid his dues to them before his ascent to City Hall; *(2)* whites found nothing in his behavior as Mayor to confirm what they had feared before he was elected—that he is a Commie-nigger bogeyman; *(3)* the prospects of an economic depression are so good that people had the hate scared out of them.

The U.S. Supreme Court ruled that there would be no bussing of students between the white Detroit suburbs and the black inner city, but there must be bussing of white and black students within the city of Detroit. That probably means that more whites will move out of the city, leaving Detroit's school system with a percentage of blacks higher than it was before the Court decision. Mayor Young prevailed on the school board to let him station policemen in the schools in the hope of reducing homicides there.

The Arabs, whose oil prices are demolishing Detroit's auto industry, came to town and bought a bank. Arab oil money probably will bail out Henry Ford II's Renaissance Center, an office-hotel complex planned to be bigger than New York's Rockefeller Center. Tristar Developments, Inc., an American subsidiary of Trizec Corp. Ltd. of Montreal, bought one of the city's significant landmarks—the 28-story, golden-topped Fisher Building, built by the brothers who founded the Fisher Body Co. Included in the sale to Tristar was 10 acres of prime development land adjacent to the General Motors Building. Max M. Fisher, oilman, real estate developer, one of Richard Nixon's biggest fund raisers in 1972, but no relation to the Fisher Body brothers, has said that he will



Richard Lee, Detroit Free Press

Coleman Young

Remer Tyson, a political writer on the Detroit Free Press, *was formerly an editor of* The Atlanta Constitution *and has been a reporter in Washington.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spend the $20 million he got from the sale to build apartments on the river front near Renaissance Center.

Ford and Fisher hold interests, some of them jointly, in suburban Detroit real estate developments many times the size and value of the river-front development. Tristar owns an office building in the center of Detroit and is considering further development there. American companies continued to flee the city for the suburbs or other parts of the country.

The Detroit River, along which Renaissance Center will tower, cleared up enough for state fish rangers to stock with trout the magnificent stream that separates the United States and Canada. Detroit's air got 20 to 40 per cent cleaner because a court forced Ford Motor Co. to spend $20 million to clean up its Rouge plant in Dearborn.

Mayor Young and Henry Ford II, chairman of the auto company founded by his grandfather, struck up a deal that neither could refuse. The Mayor needs Ford's influence with moneymen, whether American or Arab, to develop the river front. Ford needs the Mayor to help protect his and his fellow businessmen's investments on the river front and in the suburbs by keeping down revolt in the nation's largest black-dominated city.

Detroit achieved a record in activity among professional sports teams. World League football, hockey and tennis teams were founded, then folded, all in 1974. The Detroit Lions, the established National League football team, moved to suburban Pontiac and a new stadium. The National Hockey League franchise, the Red Wings, remains in the city, though a loser in its league. The American Baseball League's Detroit Tigers are holding firm in their grand old stadium, though Al Kaline retired and bleacher seats went up from $1 to $1.50. Plans for a river-front stadium were put aside, replaced with plans for Max Fisher to build apartments there. Neither the Tigers nor the Red Wings wanted the new stadium, and everybody else left town or went broke.

In his state of the city message delivered in January, Young evaluated his first year as Mayor: "1974 has been one helluva year." The year had begun with a week-long celebration of Young's inauguration. Ford and other business leaders joined with United Auto Workers president Leonard Woodcock in pledging to rebuild Detroit. Gov. William Milliken promised assistance from the Statehouse. Then they all left Young to the God-awful job of Mayor of Detroit.

After a few months on the job, before the bad economy took a turn for the worse and stacked up auto inventories all over Detroit and the rest of the country, Young described his work as Mayor: "It's like making a double play. If you catch the ball, you've got one out. If you throw to first base, you've got a double play. Right now, I'm trying to field the ball and get one out." The first thing that Young heard from the Governor's office was that Chrysler Corporation was threatening to move a plant out of the city if the company couldn't get property-tax relief. Young joined in an effort to pass a bill giving Chrysler a tax break. Soon came word that ITT was going to sell or shut down the Sheraton-Cadillac Hotel on Washington Boulevard, a delightful but failing avenue that leads from the river-front Renaissance Center through the center of the city. Young, with former Detroit Edison board chairman Walker Cisler in tow, zipped off to Boston to talk ITT into a reprieve for the Sheraton-Cadillac.

Mayor Abe Beame of New York telephoned to ask Young to persuade Henry Ford to lead a delegation to the White House and talk President Ford out of proposed cutbacks in mass transit funds. Young made the arrangements, Henry Ford talked to Gerald Ford and part of the mass transit package was saved. The relationship between Henry Ford and Young blossomed from the beginning of the black Mayor's term. Young, fired twice as a young man from Ford Motor Co. because of his behavior—hitting a race-baiting white foreman on the head with a steel bar and helping to organize a labor union—says: "I'm impressed by Henry Ford as a man. He's big, rich, and he doesn't stand on ceremony. I can reach him easier than I can reach Tom Turner (the black president of Detroit's AFL-CIO Council). I have to go through three secretaries to get Tom. I call up Ford's private number, and he comes on the line: 'Hello, Henry,' and 'Hello, Coleman.'"

But Young turned to Turner and other black labor leaders when he sought to avoid a repeat of the long 1973 teachers' strike. It is characteristic of Young, who fought his way up from the streets, through embattled union halls and the tumultuous Michigan Democratic Party, to use friend or foe to his advantage. He had fought the interests of big business all his life; now, as Mayor, he courts them. "I don't give a goddamn about them making money," he explained, "so long as it's not excessive and so long as they have the city's interest at heart."

The UAW once blackballed him out of jobs, contributed in the 1940s to his reputation as a dangerous radical and opposed his election as Mayor in the 1973 city primary. Young brushes it all aside: "That was a power struggle. I let bygones be bygones." He persuaded UAW vice president Douglas Fraser, an influential Michigan Democrat and liberal, to accept the chairmanship of a new police commission and to lead an assault on liberals who let conservative Republicans get the drop on them on the crime issue.

Young says General Motors hasn't done its part in rebuilding Detroit. On the other hand, he was delighted by an invitation from Richard Gerstenberg, then G.M. president, to lunch at the G.M. Building in "this very small dining room that seats about ten guys. The smallest salary in that room—besides me—was about 300 grand. That had to be the high point for me. And I got to sit at the head of the head table. For a black guy from Alabama, that had to be something." But all the time he knew the high-paid G.M. chieftains were testing "to see if I was a bogeyman."

Proving he isn't a bogeyman takes a lot of Young's time. But almost everywhere he goes in Detroit people, both black and white, cling to him, crushing in; he edges along, smiling, tossing out quips, shaking hands, signing autographs, enjoying himself, for a brief moment lighting up his admirers' feelings and lifting their hopes.

Many of Young's friends go around mumbling to other

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

friends that the Mayor sure has let them and the city down. But it's remarkable how little public criticism Young caught during his first year in office. Columnists and editorial writers in the city's two daily newspapers take whacks at him occasionally. The biggest criticism has been that Young spends too much time on vacation in Jamaica. Friends of Lynn Townsend were upset when Young failed to appear at an affair honoring the Chrysler board chairman. Friends of the Detroit Symphony were equally upset when he didn't show up for a scheduled appearance. But, then, Coleman Young has always heard a different drummer. If you aren't prepared to go over to the Mayor's mansion when he telephones in the middle of the night, and share a hunk of Southern-style corn bread and a snifter of $66-a-bottle Napoleon brandy (bought at discount in Jamaica), you might find yourself critical of the Mayor's schedule.

Kenneth Cockrel, the 35-year-old leader of Detroit's Labor Defense Coalition, says of Young: "If we deal in what is, not what ought to be, he's the consummate politician, not in the derogatory sense." Cockrel is a bright black lawyer who once worked the assembly line and may, if Detroit is lucky, follow in Young's footsteps. He and his followers in the Labor Defense Coalition advocate substantial changes in America's capitalistic society and, the truth is, they are far from satisfied with Young's performance in office, though they support him and count themselves fortunate to have someone in the Mayor's office who is as close to their views as Young is. To criticize Young would mean trouble for Cockrel and his movement; Detroit's black community would not stand for an attack on their Mayor.

The UAW's Doug Fraser constantly laments the state of the city. Unlike the brass of the auto industry, Fraser lives in Detroit—downtown Detroit, where you get the best view of where the socks are slipping down around the ankles of the "most American of all American cities." Fraser said, "I look around, and in these times I can't think of anyone I'd rather have as Mayor." Young hears nothing but praise from the auto industry tycoons. After all, there has been no black rebellion, not in Young's administration, to threaten the big houses and pretty lawns of Grosse Pointe and Bloomfield Hills. A strike by the garbage workers, whose contract expired in 1974, could have given Young serious trouble early in his administration, but he went into the negotiations with the upper hand. Cornelius Hudson, the black leader of the garbage workers, has a streak of militancy and was capable of trouble, but he had backed the white city council president, Mel Ravitz, for Mayor in the 1973 primary. Young had helped organize the garbage workers in 1946-47 ("I knew Cornelius Hudson when he was following a truck with a shovel on his shoulder," Young said), and no one—least of all Hudson—dared call a crippling strike against Young, one of their own, during his first year in office. A settlement was reached quickly. Shortly afterward, the city Public Works Department hired Hudson as a foreman. "I have been in the labor movement a long time," Young said. "I've seen management buy off the union guy. I'm not above that tactic."

Without question, Young's personal charm and political instincts save him from becoming a whipping boy for Detroit in these hard times. But he also has the advantage of riding a dead mare while holding her up. Anyone who doesn't like the way he rides must first examine the condition of his mount. Partway through his first year in City Hall, the Mayor had reason to envision a turning-around in Detroit, the rise of a new economic base and civic spirit. Henry Ford's Renaissance Center had begun to take shape. Max Fisher planned to invest in river-front apartments. Tristar was interested in a massive hotel and department store development in the center of the city. Urban renewal housing was being erected in his old black bottom neighborhood. Polls showed that racial polarization had declined after he was elected. Citizens appeared to be more trusting of police. Things weren't perfect, but they looked good for a new black Mayor. Then the energy crisis and the economic recession dropped auto sales to a frightening level. Even Renaissance Center, which for better or worse has become the very symbol of survival for Detroit, was in trouble.

The sudden change for the worse should have been expected. Many who live in Detroit believe a demonic force is loose here. It touches the notorious as well as the modest. The original Henry Ford died disappointed at what he had wrought, with the heat and lights off in his house. Former Mayor Jerome P. Cavanagh, who probably came closer than anyone to making Detroit a great industrial city, was all but destroyed by it—the 1967 riot and a lot of other things. He moved to Ann Arbor. A nun walking happily through a school died from a stray bullet.

Robert Anson, in a recent report on Detroit for *New Times,* nicked the truth: "Absurdity has always been an important part of Detroit. How else could it have sold so many cars nobody wanted for so long and still stayed sane?" Both absurdity and insanity emerge from the city's homicide reports. Detroit's streets are much safer than Detroit's homes. Of the 801 homicides last year, 371 occurred in homes, 175 in streets. The people who kill and get killed know one another. In April 1974, the city had eighty-nine homicides, an event that went almost unnoticed by comparison with the attention paid the July 1967 riots. During that month, fifty-three persons were killed in Detroit, forty-two of them in the riots.

With the absurdity and insanity, Detroit mixes toughness and attraction—holding out the alluring prospect of profit that the adventurous hope to find in roaring gold-mining towns or in combat pay for volunteers to the front lines. Thousands of auto workers get laid off and their unemployment benefits are enough to send them to Florida for vacations. "People ask me what's happening in Detroit," Mayor Young told the Economic Club of Detroit, "as if Detroit was on another planet."

Those who prophesy doomsday for Detroit exaggerate. Since World War II, the city has been slipping and sliding, often violently, toward recovery from the massive changes brought by the rise of the automobile era and the pre-1940 influx of population. Postwar changes have been as great as they were during the twenty-five years preceding that war. However, the changes during the past twenty-five years have been in reverse.

Detroit's population declined from its peak of more than 1.8 million in 1950 to less than 1.3 million in 1975. Houston has replaced Detroit as the nation's fifth largest

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

city. The auto industry, Detroit's life-blood, is in deep trouble. Black Detroiters, once tucked into pockets around the core city, are providing a new generation of professional leaders—lawyers, doctors, teachers, politicians. In turn, Renaissance Center will probably become a protective enclave along the river front for white money and power. The city's future may well be that of a large black-dominated suburb in an area of southeastern Michigan populated by 4 million to 5 million people.

Mayor Young, now 56 years old, yearns, however, to return Detroit to the city of his childhood, when he lived on the near east side among homes and streets that were safe, before the coming of tens of millions of cars, before Detroiters began to kill one another.

"As a young man," Young said in his first state of the city message, "I remember a police officer called Ben Turpin. He was a patrolman, an old-fashioned cop who walked the streets. He knew my mother and my grandmother and my whole family. He knew the family of every kid in the neighborhood. He knew when every drunk came home late at night. The people knew Ben Turpin. He maintained order in that community. Some say that the idea of the beat cop who comes from the community, who is part of the community, who is respected by the community, is old-fashioned and will no longer work. Today, we find ourselves with a larger Police Department than we've ever had and a smaller population than we've had in many, many years—yet crime is rising. Part of the reason is isolation—policemen riding around in automobiles, completely divorced from what is happening in the streets."

The Mayor of Motown finds himself in the predicament of knowing the automobile killed off the likes of Ben Turpin, but also knowing that if cars fail to roll off those assembly lines his city will go broke and there will be hell to pay. No wonder he likes Jamaica. □

SWEATED HOME INDUSTRY

DELANCY STREET IN LOS ANGELES

PAUL SHINOFF

It is a scene that leaps from the pages of labor history—two young immigrant women walking through a teeming garment district with bundles of unsewn goods under their arms. They are homeworkers, the visible representatives of a huge but hidden work force. Scattered through the cheap apartments and residential districts, they labor beyond the reach of the state agencies that would protect them, the federal departments that would deport them, and the trade unions that would organize them. They are isolated even from one another, in daily contact only with the contractor—the marginal middleman—who receives their finished goods and pays them little in return.

This is not the turn of the century New York City of Jacob Riis but Los Angeles, 1975. Seventy years and 3,000 miles from the site of one of the great struggles of American labor, that brought forth the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union and drove homework from the tenements, it has burst forth again as a huge and seemingly uncontrollable industry.

Here, in the bedrooms of cheap apartments and stucco bungalows that stretch across the working-class districts of the Los Angeles basin, the Jewish tailors and sewers have been replaced by their latter-day sisters from Mexico, Central America, Korea and the Philippines. But unlike the "sweaters" of Delancy, Rivington and Norfolk Streets, the majority of these workers have crossed the border illegally. They form part of an extensive underground work force, bound by no common organizations, often held captive by an unscrupulous employer, but afraid to expose their conditions and themselves.

The size of this clandestine labor pool is anyone's guess. Evelyn Whitlow, chief of California's Division of Industrial Welfare, estimates that there could be no more than 75,000 homeworkers within the Los Angeles garment industry. She assumes that at least two-thirds of them have crossed the border illegally. It is thought that industrial homeworkers produce $100 million worth of garments annually, in this, the second largest apparel center in the nation.

Industrial homework is illegal in California, and has been since 1941, but the penalties for violation of the act, fines which range from $100 to $250, have scarcely sent shivers up the spines of the homework contractors. At the urging of the ILGWU, state Assemblyman Joseph Montoya introduced a bill last May that provided for license fees of $100 for each homeworker employed, and penalties of up to $20,000 and one year in jail for violation of the act. It lost in committee, opponents arguing that it was too expensive to administer. This year Montoya is back with a revised bill that contains lesser penalties, but includes provisions that would allow enforcement by local police.

The commercial-power sewing machine is the basic tool of the garment trade. Sam Neiman of Neiman's Sewing Machine Co. on South Main says that he receives more than twenty-five requests a week for home rental of these machines. (By comparison, the proprietress of a sewing machine company in San Francisco told us that she receives no more than one request per month.) Nieman says he turns them down, because he believes that home-

Paul Shinoff has three generations of garment workers in his background. His grandmother, who today practices law in California, took part in the New York strikes that resulted in the formation of the ILGWU. Mr. Shinoff has produced The Labor Report *on radio station KQED and is a free-lance writer covering California labor and politics. He is based in San Francisco.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

work is bad for the industry, as well as a poor risk for himself. But two doors down the street, Dick Bega of Bega & Sons says that six out of every ten commercial machines he rents are for home use. More difficult to measure is the number of machines rented by contractors and placed in homes—a common practice—as well as those purchased outright by homeworkers.

Since its earliest days, the garment industry has developed as a complex of manufacturers, contractors and subcontractors. The firm whose label is attached to the goods often has little to do with its actual production. Farming orders out to contractors minimizes the manufacturers' overhead in a wildly fluctuating market.

The contractor can be large and well-established; more often he is small and struggling, caught between rigid pricing by the manufacturer and a vast, unorganized pool of cheap and willing labor. Max Schulloff owns Mayde Fashions, and is past president of the Southern California Garment Contractors Association. He admits that he used homeworkers years ago, but says he quit when he found that he could not control the quality of his garments. Now he says that he stays in business only because he produces clothing of a quality that cannot be duplicated in home production. But he warns that many legitimate contractors are going broke, while their homeworker counterparts survive. "Right now, homework is running wild," he says. "The whole garment industry here is in chaos and there just seems no way to control it."

As we were talking, Schulloff was interrupted by a phone call from a manufacturer. The caller told him to drop the price of a dress from $6.15 a unit. Schulloff demanded $6 but settled at $5.90. "Twenty-five cents doesn't sound like a helluva lot," he said to me, "but now I am below my net profit; I have to find some way to cheat. If I was a homework shop, I would send it out. Instead of paying a girl $2.35 an hour, I could have it done for $2 and get back my profit."

Garment workers are the third lowest paid group of employees in the nation, next to laundry and farm workers. Schulloff, who operates a nonunion shop, is one of several contractors we talked with who believes that the industry suffers as a result. He says that, to attract a stable and competent work force, power sewers should be paid at least $4 an hour. The current market depends on a high unemployment rate to keep people on the job. "That's the only reason we are holding our head above water," says Schulloff. But Cornelius Wall, the ILGWU's district representative in Los Angeles, scoffs at such remarks. Just last year, he notes, contractors were lobbying in Sacramento for an apprentice rate for sewers that would have reduced their starting wages to $1.65 an hour.

Several blocks from Schulloff's shop, we talked to a small contractor who had been driven out of business only the week before. He was what the trade here calls a "low-end" contractor, one who specializes in a high volume of low-priced goods. We sat on a barren cutting table, surrounded by rows of covered sewing machines. Twice we were interrupted by former employees, slipping in quietly to collect their last paychecks.

Like Schulloff, he ran a nonunion shop. It is a condition that is begrudgingly accepted by union organizers, who explain that to unionize a small contractor in the highly competitive L.A. market is tantamount to driving him out of business and his employees out of work. This contractor employed fifty people, forty of them sewers, and paid them a base rate of $2 an hour plus piece rate. The average skilled sewer took home $90 a week.

Homework used to be a minor part of the garment industry here, he says, but it has increased tenfold in the last five years. Up to several years ago, he believed he could compete successfully against it with a legitimate shop. Now he is out of business. The homework contractor needs no expensive plant or equipment. "It's just the next step up from a floating crap game: All you need is $500 and a garage."

The contractors blame the manufacturers for creating the market conditions which encourage homework. "If there was no homework," another contractor told us, "we could demand a fair price for our goods and, in turn, pass it on to our people as decent wages. But right now, every manufacturer is looking for a way to make things cheaper, encouraging homework by playing contractors off against one another."

We heard the same story from sources within and outside the industry. A manufacturer connects with an ambitious would-be contractor with little capital. Often he is a cutter or production man whose dreams are not matched by his paycheck. The first orders come quickly, in lots of 4,000 or 5,000 at a time. The contractor expands, piling up heavy debts, but with the promise of more business to come. In his greed, he takes on more than he can efficiently handle, and misses a crucial delivery date.

The manufacturer feigns fury: his order might now be so many dishrags. He will accept the goods, but at half-price. The orders continue to come, but the prices are lower and the profits thinner. The contractor, who may already have been using occasional homework labor on his overloads, now turns to it with a vengeance. He hangs a sign in the lobby of the building, "Operators Wanted," and places an ad in a Spanish-language newspaper, "*Operadoras para la casa.*" He is in business. "The manufacturer is the villain," states Evelyn Whitlow. "He has the power to eliminate these abuses by requiring that the minimum wage be paid to all workers producing garments for him."

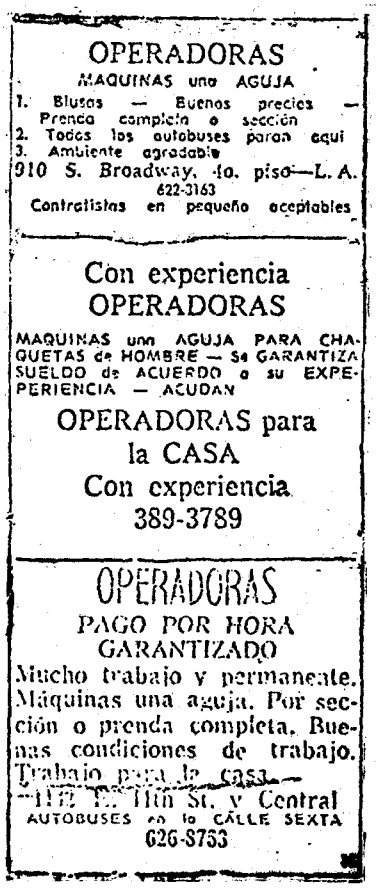
But those who speak for the Los Angeles garment manufacturers likewise reject the practice of homework as a justified means of doing business. Lee Bronson, a manufacturer and president of the Coalition of Apparel Industries of California, says he and his organization shun homework because it cheapens the quality of the goods. "We would do anything to eliminate the homework situation, including working with the union," he says. Marjorie Carne of the California Fashion Creators states that she knows of no one in her organization who tolerates homework or homework contractors.

Two years ago, Maria Ramerez arrived from Mexico with her husband and two young children. They entered illegally, hiring a "coyote," a guide, who brought them across the border. They live in one of the hundreds

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of small courts that dot the southwestern section of the city. Besides her own family, the Ramerezes share the two-bedroom bungalow with Maria's brother and two cousins. In the kitchen a large pot of beans simmers on the stove. The house is spotlessly clean and practically devoid of furniture. The living room contains a couch, a color television and a commercial-power sewing machine.

Jesus Ramerez works as a cutter in a nonunion shop in the central city. He makes $2.75 an hour, and brings home $400 a month. Three times a week on his way to


OPERADORAS
MAQUINAS una AGUJA
1. Blusas — Buenos precios — Prenda completa o sección
2. Todos los autobuses paran aquí
3. Ambiente agradable
910 S. Broadway, 4o. piso—L. A.
622-3163
Contratistas en pequeño aceptables

Con experiencia
OPERADORAS
MAQUINAS una AGUJA PARA CHAQUETAS de HOMBRE — Se GARANTIZA SUELDO de ACUERDO a su EXPERIENCIA — ACUDAN
OPERADORAS para la CASA
Con experiencia
389-3789

OPERADORAS
PAGO POR HORA
GARANTIZADO
Mucho trabajo y permanente. Máquinas una aguja. Por sección o prenda completa. Buenas condiciones de trabajo. Trabajo para la casa.
[illegible] E. 11th St. y Central
AUTOBUSES en la CALLE SEXTA
626-8753

work, he drops off his wife's finished garments at the homework factory and picks up a new load of cut goods.

Mrs. Ramerez estimates that she works thirty-to-forty hours a week. She avoids weekend work, though it would bring in more money, to be with her family. She makes $60 a week, from which she puts aside $5 to pay for the machine. She would rather sew in a factory, if she could work straight through the day without worrying about her children, but she is forced to work at home to take care of them. Full-time child care for both would cost $40 a week.

Maria Ramerez is only one of several women who told us that the lack of child-care facilities forces them to sew at home. Both Schulloff of the Contractors Association and Bronson from the Coalition of Apparel Industries report that their organizations are working with Mayor Thomas Bradley to set up a downtown child-care center. The ILGWU has such centers in other cities, and district representative Wall says they are considering one for Los Angeles. According to the Division of Industrial Welfare, one local manufacturer has installed a child-care facility on the premises. The manufacturer, says the division, continues to pay above-average wages.

Maria Ramerez says that although she believes that the contractor is taking advantage of her, she can do little to defend herself. "We cannot do anything about it because we can't speak English," she says. "I work long hours for little money. I do not get paid for overtime. He abuses us, because we have no defense." Unlike many of the Europeans who rose up against homework labor in New York, their West Coast counterparts have little experience with political, labor or social groups—only with the Church.

Subject to immediate deportation, the Ramerezes live cautiously, seeking anonymity among the estimated million Spanish-speaking people in Southern California. One year ago, Jesus Ramerez found himself caught up in the annual sweep conducted by the Immigration Department through the central garment district. Immediately bussed back to Mexico, he quickly recrossed the border and headed north to rejoin his family.

Cornelius Wall of the ILGWU believes that his union has no hope of organizing homeworkers. "It would be absolutely impossible," he says. "This isn't New York where people are cooped inside tenements. Here we would need a staff of 10,000 people just to follow them home." Under Wall, the Los Angeles office has gone through a furious upheaval. Gone are many of the older field organizers, to be replaced by younger Spanish-speaking staffers who reflect their new constituency. Still, they have been unable to make a dent in the large pool of illegal homework labor.

Danny Perez spent twenty years as a skilled cutter before joining the union organizing staff. He says that the greatest barrier to the organization of homeworkers is their illegal status. Perez cites the example of three young Mexican homeworkers who walked into the union's offices several months ago. According to Perez, they had been taken by a coyote from Tijuana directly to the employer's home in Los Angeles. They said they had been forced to work up to seven days a week, twelve hours a day to pay back the services of their illegal courier. After five months without pay, they went to the union.

Perez encouraged them to accompany him to the state's Wage and Hour Board with a signed complaint. The board, a division of the Industrial Welfare Commission, is empowered to recover back wages, no matter what the residency status of the worker. But when the three women discovered that the board's offices were in the downtown Federal Building, they balked and disappeared. "You can't take any of these people into that building," explains Perez. "It's full of guards, pictures of the President of the United States; everyone knows that the Immigration Department is on the first floor. It just frightens the hell out of them."

The ILGWU is proposing a two-pronged strategy to restrict industrial homework: closing the Mexican border to illegals and pressing for passage of the Montoya bill, with its tough penalties. In its demands, the ILGWU parallels the position of Cesar Chavez and the United Farm Workers Union, who represent another labor-intensive industry that fattens on willing immigrant workers.

The first step toward closing the border, says Wall,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would be to restructure the Immigration Department, which he terms the "most corrupt division in the government." Then the union would press for a selective, but lenient approach to those illegals found on this side of the border. Whether closing the 1,600-mile border is practical, politically or technically, remains to be seen—particularly when the government of Mexico, which has always looked on northern emigration as a safety valve for its unemployed, is pressuring to reopen the now defunct "*bracero* program."

The future of the Montoya bill is less clouded; it will probably pass during the first year of the enlightened new Governor, Jerry Brown. But it is still a question whether this, the third homework act in thirty-four years, will be enforced. Supporters cite the provision allowing action by local police agencies as being a key to enforcement. The Industrial Welfare Commission (whose budget suffered under the eight-year administration of Ronald Reagan) can muster only forty field inspectors for the whole state. In Los Angeles, only one inspector is assigned to the area which contains the central garment district. To make enforcement of the present homework act still more impossible, he must personally observe the goods leaving the factory, in production at home, and its return to the shop before he is able to make an arrest.

The question remains whether new laws would put an end to homework, or simply drive it further underground, to emerge again when the political and economic climates are more favorable. In New York City today, according to reports, there has been an upsurge of industrial homework among Puerto Rican and Cuban immigrants.

Indeed, the lesson of the early homework strikes is that laws and ordinances can be made effective only when combined with wide public support. But the ever increasing industrial homework receives no publicity in Los Angeles. The top of this iceberg, the women with their cellophane bags on Main, Santee and Los Angeles Streets, is seen only by those who work there. And homework is not the only evil in the industry. For every garment worker who takes goods out of a shop, another is sewing for as long as twelve hours a day in a small warehouse or painted-up storefront.

The fact is that, for all the talk of breakdown and chaos, the garment industry here is quite profitable, for some people. A business that grosses more than $1 billion a year in sales is evidently unable, or unwilling, to provide its employees with decent wages and working conditions. □

SOARING HEALTH COSTS

Rx FOR A SICK INDUSTRY

HOWARD BRAY

Sen. Russell Long wanted to know if the witness before his Finance Committee had read *The Citadel*, A.J. Cronin's bestseller about a young physician in Wales fifty years ago. The witness hadn't, so the Louisiana Democrat recalled the greed and incompetence that led to the unneeded surgery and doctoring described by Cronin, himself a physician. "I fear that even today we have a lot of people performing operations who should not be," said Long.

Another witness, Dr. Lowell E. Bellin, New York City Health Commissioner, agreed. He reported how one of the largest unions in his city, District 37 of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, distressed by the large amount of surgery being recommended for its members, arranged with Cornell University Medical School to screen all non-emergency operations. As a result of this policing by other doctors, elective surgery for union members dropped 20 to 25 per cent over the next year and a half.

Dr. Bellin also described what his auditors found in a prosperous fee-for-service group practice. Otitis media is a common inflammation of the eardum that normally responds to a shot of penicillin. Youngsters would be seen by the practice's pediatricians who would correctly diagnose the trouble as otitis media. Then they would, in Dr. Bellin's term, "ping-pong" the patients to the otolaryngologist who made the same diagnosis. "That was another $20 fee [on top of the pediatrician's] . . . part of the milking process," Dr. Bellin testified. A series of needless lab tests revved the bills up to $50 to $75, the commissioner added.

The Finance Committee hearing was convened last May to assess the beginnings of a new federal attempt to dampen the unrelenting climb in medical and hospital bills for Medicare and Medicaid patients. Applied more broadly, it could be a control on health service cost and quality generally. The new effort is the Professional Standards Review Organization (PSRO) program authorized late in 1972.

Medicare, covering the aged and disabled, and Medicaid for the indigent, cost federal and state governments $25 billion in 1974. This year the cost is expected to be up another $2 billion. Starting in January, Medicare beneficiaries are paying $8 more on their share of hospital bills because of rising costs. Dr. Stuart H. Altman, deputy Assistant Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, late last summer foresaw a 30 per cent increase nationally in hospital room charges and hospital insurance premiums for 1975. The American Hospital Association accused HEW of "misusing the statistics as scare tactics," explaining that the hospitals were still catching up after the end

Howard Bray was an assistant to Clinton P. Anderson during the years when the Senator was a leader in the fight for Medicare. He is now executive director of the Fund for Investigative Journalism.

FTSI LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

last spring of price controls. (After the medical component of the consumer price index rose more slowly in September, Altman said: "We're not going to make any long-range predictions on the basis of only a month's experience. We've been criticized for that before.")

Politicians sense the pressure to do something about these costs. Sen. Charles McC. Mathias, a moderate Maryland Republican, recently told the Maryland Medical Political Committee: "I must warn you that the health care industry is part of a segment of the economy that much of the public feels is controllable by government. . . . I urge you, therefore, to exercise self-restraint and voluntarily impose controls on your fees and prices before the government is forced by an outraged public to step in."

Congress two years ago had to raise Social Security taxes substantially to offset a deficit in Medicare trust funds estimated to run nearly $250 billion over a twenty-five-year period. There are two reasons for the giant deficit: first, the steady rise in physician and hospital charges; second, the increase in the number of services provided, a significant portion of which Congress and the President have been told are not medically necessary, or could be provided just as well in ambulatory or extended care facilities that are less expensive settings than hospitals.

Utilization review committees, required by Medicare, have been medicine's instrument for regulating the length of a patient's hospital stay. Review committee physicians check on a patient on the seventh, twelfth and eighteenth day of hospitalization. If a patient seems to be hospitalized too long, the committee's physicians ask the attending doctor for an explanation. Corrective action presumably is to result from peer pressure.

The Senate Finance Committee and the Social Security Administration have collected information which leads them to believe that utilization committees are less than efficacious antidotes to overhospitalization. "Where hospital beds are in short supply," the committee states, "utilization review is fully effective. Where there is no pressure on the hospital beds, utilization review is less intense and often token."

The newer PSRO resembles utilization review, but adds important elements, including enforcement teeth. The law forbids the PSRO doctor from reviewing the quality of care at a hospital where he has privileges or financial interest. That should help curb what former Sen. Wallace Bennett (R., Utah), the author of the law, calls "incestuous" evaluation. Norms of care and length of hospital stay related to age and diagnosis will replace the arbitrary seventh-, twelfth- and eighteenth-day checkpoints. Review will be extended to services outside the hospital. Sanctions, including exclusion from the Medicare and Medicaid programs, are provided for use against serious violators.

Colorado's Foundation for Medical Care, created by the Colorado Medical Society, has for two years operated a prototype PSRO involving more than 400 physicians and every general hospital in the state. Dr. Kenneth A. Platt, the foundation's medical director, told the Finance Committee that the review process has helped cut the average hospital stay from eight and a half days to just over eight. While that appears to be an insignificant gain, it saved almost $3 million without lessening the quality of care, according to Dr. Platt. Moreover, he said that the review is tackling the inappropriate use of antibiotics and unwarranted hospitalization for diagnostic work-ups.

In neighboring New Mexico, another PSRO-like agency that employs physician reviewers reported an annual savings of $400,000 on nursing home charges to Medicaid and a reduction of 16.8 per cent in hospital days. In the first year of operation, Dr. Hugh Woodward reported to the Senators, savings ran more than $1.3 million on a $20 million Medicaid program. Still another forerunner PSRO covering twenty-three acute care hospitals in Northern California saved $3 million its first year, according to Dr. John M. Babich, president of the Medical Care Foundation of Sacramento.

True to form, the AMA until recently advocated repeal of PSRO because control is out of the hands of the state medical societies, ultimate authority resting with the public through the Secretary of HEW. Now the AMA proposes amendments that would markedly weaken the program. Practicing physicians, however, seem willing to go along, perhaps halfway believing HEW Secretary Caspar Weinberger's assertion that "drastic and unfortunate federal intervention" might be needed to control health care costs. New York Health Commissioner Bellin says PSRO is organized medicine's "last chance to demonstrate its devotion to the principle of autonomous peer review."

Meanwhile, government is trying other means to deal with health costs. About twenty states attempt some regulation of hospital charges. Maryland's new Health Services Cost Review Commission may have set a national precedent with its order in September to a large hospital just outside Washington to roll back its charges. The commission—unique in its extensive powers to investigate, make findings, hold hearings and issue orders—is in for a fight with Suburban Hospital, joined perhaps by an alliance of hospitals that perceive the commission as a long step toward state regulation of hospitals as public utilities.

Congress recently passed legislation that seeks to make more sense out of the planning of hospital and health services by divorcing such planning from local politics and giving greater powers to the states. William Roy, a Democratic Congressman from Kansas who is also a physician, said: "It's almost impossible for a local government unit to be a health service agency without becoming a total advocate for additional services."

The regional health planning bill which got overwhelming support, was prodded along by a study showing that the nation has 67,000 excess hospital beds. These beds are used sometimes, but hospitals can do without them. It's estimated that an excess bed costs a hospital an average of $18,250 a year, the cost being tacked on to patients' bills.

A situation in Appalachia makes one hesitant to conclude that the states will prove willing and able to make wise and hard choices in planning and allocating health care resources. Last summer, Dr. Vernon Wilson, a former high federal health administrator, surveyed the financial plight of the ten-hospital Appalachian Regional Hospital system, built by the United Mine Workers in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1950s in the Virginia, West Virginia and Kentucky coal fields. Dr. Wilson decried the "destructive competition among [all] hospitals [in those areas] . . . with apparent overbuilding and underutilization of hospital beds."

Even as Dr. Wilson was delivering his report, the state of Virginia was asking for $2 million in federal funds under the Appalachian Regional Development Act to add eighty beds to a hospital at Lonesome Pine whose present sixty beds are down to 51 per cent occupancy. The area is losing population. Moreover, Lonesome Pine is only 12 miles from the Appalachian Regional Hospital at Wise, Va. The state had all this information when it asked for construction money, but political considerations were more persuasive to the Governor's office than the health planners' data.

There were signs that Congress would pass a national health insurance bill last fall. Other matters, the sinking economy and the energy crisis to name a couple, delayed the subject. That was fortunate, because time is needed to prepare, lest a massive new program aggravate the serious problems in health care and delivery.

In addition to steeply rising costs, medical services continue to be poorly distributed, with the poor and many rural Americans lacking access to decent care. If the cost of care cannot be checked without sacrificing essential services, funds that could be allocated to improved access will be drained off to maintain the present inadequate system. Forty-four years ago, the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care told President Hoover, after describing the inadequacies in the quality of medical care: "The result is a tremendous amount of preventable physical pain and mental anguish, needless deaths, economic inefficiency and social waste. Also the United States has the economic resources, the organizing ability and the technical experience to solve this problem."

Fragmentation of the Congressional structure is a serious obstacle to systematic improvement in medical care organization and distribution. The Finance and Ways and Means Committees, which deal with revenue and payment for Medicare and Medicaid, proceed without consulting other major committees that legislate for health manpower, facilities and planning, and that appropriate money for a wide assortment of major health programs. Irwin Wolkstein, deputy director for policy of HEW's Bureau of Health Insurance and a veteran of the legislative struggle over Medicare, says that while nearly a decade of experience with Medicare has taught some lessons applicable to National Health Insurance, "we have been made very much aware also of the many things we do not yet know about managing health insurance. We have no proved mechanism for dealing with cost and effectiveness," he adds, asserting that "much was given away in the legislation and in the administration of Medicare by way of cost and quality controls." A Senate Finance Committee staffer, Jay Constantine, describes the present period before the next major step toward National Health Insurance as "the eye of the hurricane."

The United States has moved incrementally to extend federal health insurance coverage, reaching by now the aged, the indigent and the permanently disabled. It could be that the next increment will be tax-paid coverage against what Russell Long calls "catastrophic" illness—extensive hospital and medical care that often leaves middle-class families destitute. About a million families a year would benefit from such protection. That step, coupled with improvements for the poor, seems to influential sponsors like Long and Sen. Abraham Ribicoff (D., Conn.) more manageable and far less costly—even though it's estimated to cost $9 billion—than a full-blown national plan. Nevertheless, there are new signs that Congress may adopt a broad plan but delay the effective date for two years or so. This deferral would counter charges that the expensive plan would further boost federal deficit now and would allow time to sensibly prepare for the huge program.

Medicare and Medicaid have not been used as a major force to reorganize health care. That they could be is evidenced by the fact that they pay for more than half of all hospital incomes in the country. "There is considerable interest being expressed in integrating National Health Insurance into a move to restructure effectiveness," Wolkstein comments. When National Health Insurance does come, it will prove a bitter pill if it doesn't provide for effective controls on cost, assurances of quality and equity in access to care. □

LETTERS (*Continued from page 226*)

in the acreage sold this year, including large portions of the "frontier" areas, would bring about such fundamental changes as to make past experience insufficient—perhaps even irrelevant—in assessing the future.

We also disagree sharply about the question of delay. In my opinion, a coordinated exploration program of major offshore structures will give us information on resources much faster than the checkerboard system of exploratory drilling on individual leases.

The major element operating in this year's decision making on outer continental shelf (OCS) issues is *uncertainty*. We simply have no idea of the extent or the value of the resources we propose to sell immediately to private industry. We cannot plan ahead and determine the proper rate of extraction for those resources to conserve them and *sustain* our hoped for independence of imports until alternative energy sources become available, because we don't know if they will last for ten years or fifty years at today's growth rates. Once we lease, the industry has the sole prerogative of determining the extraction rate best suited to its own economic interests, but not necessarily to the national interest.

The long-term environmental impacts of large-scale leasing and development are similarly unknown. The draft environmental impact statement to which Mr. Laird refers does not, unfortunately, inspire confidence in the Interior Department's understanding of the impacts. Out of almost 1,500 pages, for example, the statement devotes only 30 pages to a superficial and unenlightening discussion of land use and socioeconomic impacts of offshore oil development on nearby coastal regions. . . .

I have noted with interest that Secretary Morton apparently no longer shares Mr. Laird's confidence in the industry's explanations about nonproducing wells in the Gulf of Mexico. On January 23 the Secretary called upon seventeen leaseholders to explain within thirty days why their wells are not producing, with a threat of lease termination if the circumstances prove unjustified. . . .

The 94th Congress will be considering some very fundamental reforms in the management of our precious oil and gas resources on federal offshore lands. . . .

Ernest F. Hollings, Chairman
National Ocean Policy Study

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Nate Shaw: The Burden of His Book

ALL GOD'S DANGERS: The Life of Nate Shaw. *By Theodore Rosengarten. Alfred A. Knopf. 561 pp. $10.*

WENDELL BERRY

I

"Nate Shaw" is the pseudonym of a black farmer born in Alabama in 1885. He grew up as a field hand and sharecropper in the cotton belt. Because of his industry, ambition and intelligence, he prospered. By the early 1930s he owned a good team of mules, good farming equipment, two automobiles; his family was well cared for; he was on the way to owning an 80-acre farm. At that time he joined the Sharecroppers Union. He took a stand against some sheriff's deputies who had come to attach and carry off a neighbor's stock. The confrontation ended in a "shootin frolic," for which Nate Shaw was sent to prison for twelve years. He stayed the full term, refusing a parole bargain by which he would have had to leave his home country and move to Birmingham, and was released in 1945. Older, drastically reduced in means, he returned to farming, "a mule farmin man to the last," though the tractor era had come in during his absence. In March of 1971 he began to tell his story to a young white man, Theodore Rosengarten. The telling, recorded on tapes, took 120 hours; the result, much edited, is this book. Our debt to Mr. Rosengarten is large.

It is a remarkable book because Nate Shaw was a remarkable man. And it might be worthwhile to try to say exactly why he was remarkable. It is not because he belonged to "the tradition of farmer-storytellers." Most farmers of Nate Shaw's generation belonged to the tradition of farmer-storytellers, and I am sure that a great many of them were good talkers indeed. Nor is he remarkable for what Mr. Rosengarten calls his "awesome intellectual life." The adjective seems to me overwrought, as if in an effort to *make* Nate Shaw admirable, which is not necessary. Or it is the effort of an urban intellectual to accommodate his surprise at finding superior intellig nce not associated with books. It is misleading because, with us, the phrase "intellectual life" suggests a life *exclusively* intellectual, a life apart from action, and Nate Shaw was remarkable because the life of his body and the life of his mind were one life. He was not a modern intellectual. His thought was not speculative or experimental; it was not an over-refined maundering among "alternatives." It was a meditation upon experience, always related to acts.

Shaw's words have the energy of passionate knowledge; he speaks as a man who has *seen*. It is characteristic of him to say: "Well, I looked into all that and seed. . . ." He had no schooling; his book learning is all described in one sentence: ". . . I can put down on paper some little old figures but I can't add em up." But he says of the failure of his lawyer's appeal, following his sentencing for the shooting: "That was my education right there—" In a sense, it must have been. That event—his stand against the deputies and his imprisonment—was not only the great event and the turning point of his life; it was also his life's measure, its clarification or revelation. He speaks with the pressing awareness that "I understand a heap of things today more clear than I did in them days. . . ." And sometimes his memories hasten and crowd him almost beyond coherence. He exclaims at one point: "O, these words brings up others and they won't wait. . . ." His words are principled by his certainty that "there's nothin honorable before God but the truth."

I am troubled because Mr. Rosengarten's name appears on the book as author rather than editor, which he was, and because the book is subtitled *The Life of Nate Shaw* rather than *The Autobiography of Nate Shaw,* which it is.

More troubling is the comparison with Faulkner, initiated by Mr. Rosengarten in his preface and followed already by several reviewers. Rosengarten commits himself to this with a simple-mindedness hard to believe: "Faulkner writes about the white south; Shaw speaks about the black. Both focus on the impact of history on the family." The first sentence falsifies Shaw and Faulkner both; if there is any single truth basic to Southern history, it is that there never has been a "white south" or a "black south." The second sentence is useless because, though it is at least partly true, it is probably just as true of most other writers. The great difference between Shaw and Faulkner is passed over lightly indeed in the concession that one speaks and the other writes. That is a fundamental difference, and other important differences rise from that one.

The idea seems to be that until the blacks have *their* Faulkner they won't be "equal"; Rosengarten's sentences fairly sigh with relief. It is as if liberality required us to pretend that the whites and the blacks were exactly alike in everything but color, like salt and pepper shakers. This could be agreed upon, maybe, and we could make an etiquette of ignoring our differences. But what if the differences do exist? And what if the two races are useful and necessary to each other because of their differences? And what if they have access to certain aspects of their experience and their common nationality only *through* each other? As I see it, Shaw is valuable to us precisely because he is *not* like Faulkner. He is richly different.

II

Shaw's vocabulary and usage will sometimes seem strange to readers not familiar with his region and way of life, but it will never seem empty or inert. When he speaks of "correspondin" a girl or says that his son "got stout enough to accomplish a place," we have no trouble understanding what he means, and we are also aware that his words convey insight beyond the reach of conventional usage. He speaks always in reference to a real world, thoroughly experienced and understood. His words keep an almost physical hold upon "what I have touched with my hands and what have touched me. . . ." Surely this is the power that we have periodically sensed in what is called (vulgarly) "the vulgar tongue." It is a language under the discipline of experience, not the discipline of ideas or rules. Shaw's words, always interposed between experience and intelligence, have the exactitude of conviction, whereas the words of an analyst or theorist can have only the exactitude of definition.

In a recent issue of *Saturday Review/World,* R. Buckminster Fuller has an article called "Cutting the Metabilical Cord," which is based on a virtually unqualified assumption that humanity has begun a process of unlimited improve-

Wendell Berry is a poet and novelist who lives in Kentucky. His latest book is The Memory of Old Jack (*Harcourt Brace Jovanovich*).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment by way of technological progress. "Humanity knew very little when I was young," he says. And he recalls the "skilled craftsmen" he worked with on his first jobs; these people "had vocabularies of only about 100 words, many of which were blasphemous or obscene." Thanks, however, to radio and television, this lamentable ignorance has been corrected by a "historic information-education explosion and its spontaneous edifying of humans in general. . . ." This "explosion" of edification "completely changed the speech pattern of world-around humanity from that of an illiterate ignoramus to that of a scholar." These and many similar assertions culminate in a sort of Creed for Modern Times: "The great intellectual integrity of universe has cut the metabilical cord of tradition and parental authority—putting youth on its own thinking responsibility." And then occurs the essay's only note of caution, which is immediately buried beneath another avalanche of technological mysticism: the young people of 1974, "whose metabilical cord of tradition has been cut, now need a few years time to develop competence to take over the world affairs initiative, and that is exactly what universe is apparently about to do next."

It may be that Mr. Fuller's language can be put to some good use. I hope so. It could certainly be used to promote the sale of television sets. Should his jargon catch on with the public, it could also be useful to any politician whose designs required a fit of public optimism. This gobbledegook of "universe" is representative of a lot of the sub-tongues spoken now by people who lead "awesome intellectual lives." It is speech so abstract, so far removed from anybody's experience that it is virtually out of control; *anything* can be said in it that the speaker has the foolishness or the audacity to say.

There is not a phrase in Nate Shaw's story so abstract, naive, ignorant, insipid or *tasteless* as this of Buckminster Fuller. An "uneducated" man, whose speech was formed long before radio, Shaw is nevertheless well able to say whatever he thinks, and he thinks whatever he needs to think as a man of exceptional competence, both practical and moral. In moments of joy or grief, he is capable of a sort of poetry. The burden—and so the discipline—of Shaw's language is what he knows from experience. For that reason nothing he says, if correctly quoted, will ever be useful to a salesman or a political propagandist. There is not a slogan in this book. He has no talk of "education explosions" or "metabilical cords." He does not say "Freedom now" or "Black is beautiful" or "Power to the people." He says: "My color, the colored race of people on earth, goin to shed theirselves of these slavery ways. But it takes many a trip to the river to get clean." He says: "They goin to win! They goin to win! But it's goin to take a great effort. . . . It won't come easy. Somebody got to move and remove. . . . it's goin to take thousands and millions of words, thousands and millions of steps. . . . And I hope to God that I won't be one of the slackers that would set down and refuse to labor to that end."

That is eminently responsible language. And it is deeply moving—especially when we realize that the man speaking almost in the same breath of faith, doubt, difficulty and of his own willingness to *labor* is 86 or 87 years old. The movement here is characteristic: the swiftly defined hope or vision or ambition, followed by the recognition of difficulty, the implication of labor. And these passages occur among *stories* that reveal the nature and the difficulty of effort and the characters of people, black and white. What this responsibility rests on is the knowledge of tragedy. Shaw's mind has dwelt upon his own limits, both cultural and human; it has dwelt upon loss and upon solitude. Buckminster Fuller writes, "Obviously, humanity if properly cooperative and scientifically coordinated can do anything it needs to do," without acknowledging either the enormous ifs that cling to "properly cooperative" or the political portent of "scientifically coordinated." Nate Shaw, a more unified man, who can speak of acting "with the full consent of my mind," has *done* what he *thought*, and so he knows the solitude of the man who acts upon principle. When he "stood up against this southern way of life," he had to stand alone; the other members of the union fled. He knew the exultation of his stand: "that made me merry in a way. I done what was right. . . ." But he also knew its tragedy: "when they shot me it didn't shake me, when they arrested me it didn't shake me. But it shook me to see my friends was but few."

If Shaw's language is never far from experience, it is also never far from judgment, another of his qualities that will make him useless to propagandists. The amplitude of his experience, the energy of his intelligence, his great courage simply will not permit him to withhold his judgment. It is always working, and it can be fierce. But the same qualities that bring it into play give it the dignity of freedom from prejudice and special pleading. One must assume, having no evidence but Shaw's, that he may sometimes be wrong, but it could rarely be argued that he is partial. He is as hard on blacks as on whites. He finds good people in both races. He knew people of both races who were partly good and partly bad. And this intelligence of judgment aligns him with the best men who have taken the stand he took: he knows that what he stands for, what he asks for himself, is a human and not a racial good. He knows that white people also stand to gain from what he has hoped to gain for himself and for his race. And he makes a careful distinction between white men and white moneymen: "Color don't boot with the big white cats: they only lookin for money. O, it's plain as your hand. The poor white man and the poor black man is sittin in the same saddle today. . . ."

III

Every page of this book is resonant with Shaw's intelligence, with his delight in the use of his mind. And this is a conscious delight: "I've learned many a thing that's profitable to me, and I've learned a heap that ain't profitable, but to learn anything at all is a blessin." And a few pages later he says: "And I treasures what I know and I so often think about it. . . ."

Similarly, his pride, his moral pride, is both an explicit theme and a quality implicit in every word. From childhood Shaw's life was governed by self-respect, love of work, pride in accomplishment, high standards for his own work and behavior. "I depends on myself to act just suchaway," he says. And: "If I has anything to do I must do all I can at it; I just feels terrible if I don't." And from the first he seems to have had an indomitable impulse to be independent: "I was dependin on the twist of my own wrist." "I was a poor young colored man but I had the strength of a man who comes to know himself. . . ." These virtues were the direct cause both of what he knew of prosperity and of what he knew of calamity. This passionate involvement of his mind and character in all his acts becomes finally the intelligence of his speech, and makes it memorable.

I do not see how anybody could consider the depth and range of the intelligence, the power, sensitivity, and precision of the speech, and doubt the superiority of this man. And yet, though Shaw knew his superiority, had carefully assembled and pondered upon its evidence, it seems to me that in part of his mind he remained half in doubt of it. This uneasiness springs from his lack of formal education. The book has two themes, counter-themes, that will show what I am talking about.

Shaw's pages are full of evidence that he was a farmer, not just by necessity

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of birth and condition but by choice as well. It is luck, of course, when one loves to do what one has to do. But the fact remains that Shaw loved to farm. He had an exultant interest in it. He says so directly, and there is an implicit joy in all the passages about his work. And yet his lack of education obviously nags at him, forcing him to suspect that his farmer's life was his limitation: "My boyhood days was my hidin place. I didn't have no right to no education whatever. I was handicapped and handicapped like a dog." And he says that the educational opportunities that followed the civil rights movement "brought light out of darkness."

I assent wholeheartedly to the first theme, and at least in principle to the second. But I feel an uneasiness, perhaps a conflict. I keep coming up to this theme of education and then hesitating. It seems to me one of the rare instances when Shaw exemplifies a problem that he does not illuminate.

A powerful superstition of modern life is that people and conditions are improved inevitably by education. Within the limits of the life he lived, and of the evidence he gives, this proposition certainly seems to apply to Shaw: he would have been less at the mercy of employers, landlords and creditors, for example, if he had been able to read. Or he might, maybe, have been a better farmer if he had had some schooling. Suppositions of this sort are blind, of course, but one has to suppose also that, if Nate Shaw had been well enough educated, he might long ago have become a spokesman, perhaps for his race, perhaps for small farmers of his sort in both races.

My uneasiness on this question is coming from two directions. I am aware, on one hand, of a powerful cultural inheritance—part of which Nate Shaw's story represents, and now joins—that rises from long before the civil rights movement or even emancipation, and that is perhaps not so much light out of darkness as light *in* darkness. A fact too easy to ignore in our climate of conventional pity for the "disadvantaged" is that Nate Shaw is not *potentially* admirable; he is admirable *as he is*. And to assume that he could have become so admirable without drawing upon a strong, sustaining culture would be as fantastical as to pity him in light of what he might have been.

On the other hand, I am aware that such a man as Nate Shaw stands outside the notice, much less the aim, of the education system. From the standpoint of our social mainstream, the idea of a well-educated small farmer, of any race, has long been a contradiction in terms, and so of course our school systems can hardly be said to tolerate any such possibility. The purpose of education with us, like the purpose of society with us, has been, and is, to get away from the small farm—indeed, from the small everything. The purpose of education has been to prepare people to "take their places" in an industrial society—the assumption being that all small economic units are obsolete. But the superstition of education carries it even further; it assumes that this "place in society" is "up." "Up" is the direction from small to big. Education is the way up. The *popular* aim of education is to put everybody "on top." Well, I think I hardly need to document the consequent pushing and trampling and kicking in the face. The point is that if the reader joins Nate Shaw in wishing that he might have been educated, he cannot safely assume that he is wishing only for an improved Nate Shaw; he may be wishing for a different kind of human creature altogether. Educated—given his intelligence, his strong character, his local fidelities, and given a good deal of luck—Shaw *might* have become a well-educated small farmer. But he might also have become a "farm expert"—and thus have become the natural enemy of his economic class. Or he might have become another big cat, "only lookin for money."

What I am working toward is a definition of this book as a burden. It is a burden. I think it will become a moral task for anyone who reads it—in addition, of course, to being multifariously informative and delightful. At first I thought the burden would be Shaw's indictment of racism and economic oppression. His testimony on these subjects is fierce and eloquent—and burdening too, Lord knows. But on these subjects Shaw is only one of many witnesses. His response to those conditions—his *stand*—is what is rare. And he made his stand "with the full consent of his mind." I have called it an act of principle, but that is to give it the shallowest definition. It was the action of his character: it was prepared by his whole life up to that time; it was, as much as himself, native to his place in the world.

And that brings me in sight of what I want to say: Shaw burdens us with his character. Not just with his testimony, or just with his actions, but with his *character*, in the fullest possible sense of that word. Here is a superior man who never went to school! What a trial that ought to be for us, whose public falsehoods, betrayals of trust, aggressions, injustices and imminent catastrophes are now almost exclusively the work of the college-bred. What a trial, in fact, that *is* for us, and how guilty it proves us: we think it ordinary to spend twelve or sixteen or twenty years of a person's life and many thousands of public dollars on "education"—and not a dime or a thought on character. Of course, it is preposterous to suppose that character could be cultivated by any sort of public program. Persons of character are not public products. They are made by local cultures, local responsibilities. That we have so few such persons does not suggest that we ought to start character workshops in the schools. It does suggest that "up" may be the wrong direction.

IV

This is the book of a black man; Shaw keeps a deliberate faith with his responsibilities as a spokesman for his race. But it is also, almost as constantly, a farmer's book. When he speaks as a farmer, Shaw transcends the limits of his racial experience, and enters into another kind of tragedy.

Shaw's book is full of the folk-agrarianism that undoubtedly lay behind the agrarianism of Jefferson, that survived in small farmers and even field hands and sharecroppers of both races until well into this century. It is the agrarianism of "Forty acres and a mule," the frustrated hope of emancipated slaves, but nevertheless one of the few intelligent and decent social aspirations that our history has produced. Shaw's book, either by his fault or his editor's, does not say how this tradition came to him or who his teachers might have been. Evidently it did not come to him from his father, whom Shaw held in some contempt as a free man with slavery ways, who "couldn't learn nothing from his experience." But however it came to him, Shaw did inherit the aspiration, the attitudes and the know-how of this old agrarianism, and his exemplification of it is one of the values of his book.

His understanding of the meaning of land ownership is complex and responsible, as is his understanding of the relationship between property and labor. He knows that for men such as himself, ability is futile if it has no title to land; it simply comes under the control of whoever does own the land. He knows the dangers implicit in a man's willingness to own more land than he can work. It is exactly because of this knowledge that Shaw cannot be said to speak only about the experience of black people; the notion belittles him. When he "stood up" to oppose his neighbor's—and ultimately his own—dispossession, he had generations of the history of his people behind him, and he knew it. But in that act an important strand of white people's history reached one of its culminations, and in a different way he knew that.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shaw's standing up stated and clarified a principle that his life worked out in detail. His ideal was independence, and that carried his mind to fundamentals. He was not a "consumer." The necessities of life were of no negligible importance to him. Provisioning, with him, was not just a duty but a source of excitement, a matter of pride. He knew that his hopes depended on a sound domestic economy. He raised a garden, kept a milk cow or two, fed his own meat hogs and so reduced his family's dependence on the stores. "I was savin myself a little money at the end of each year, getting a footin to where I wouldn't have to ask nobody for nothin."

As a consequence, he began "to rise up"—not to "the top" but to a sufficiency of ability and goods. There are exultant passages in which he tells of buying his own mules, new wagons and harness. Like thousands of men of his generation, white and black, his great pride was in his teams, and in his ability as a teamster. Some of the finest parts of his book are about his mules. Memories of the good ones carry him away: "O, my mules just granted me all the pleasures I needed, to see what I had and how they moved."

He had a fierce loyalty to his own country and to the investment of his own labor in it. He would not consider going north or to the city. He would not even use city water, though at the end of his life a new water line went right by his door: "I ain't livin in no city. I ain't too lazy to step outside and help myself . . . and the water ain't fit for slops." For his people, he is mistrustful of welfare ("since the government been givin em a handdown," he says of certain people he knows, "they wouldn't mind the flies off their faces") and of the city jobs that leave "the possession and the use of the earth to the white man." His loyalty to his place made him a conservationist, and one of his most indignant outbursts is against polluters.

By the time of his imprisonment, Shaw's values were solidly proven in his life. He was a self-respecting and an accomplished man, and he was by no means the only one who knew it. Twelve years later, when he was released from prison, he had not only lost much that he had earned but had become an anachronism. A new kind of farming had come in: "I knowed as much about mule farmin as ary man in this country. But when they brought in tractors, that lost me." By the time he tells his story, he realizes that for his deepest knowledge, the knowledge that made him a man in his own sight, he has no heir. An antique collector has come to buy his tools: "there's people decorates their homes with things that belong to the past."

Mr. Rosengarten says in his preface that Shaw's language is "enriched here and there by words not found in the dictionary." I collected several examples of what I assume he is talking about. All that I found *are* in the dictionary; Rosengarten failed to recognize them because he was unfamiliar either with Shaw's dialect or with farming. He spells hames "haines," backband "backbend" and "backhand," Duroc Jersey "Dew Rock Jersey." He has Shaw say that "the old horse went *backin* on off," when he obviously could only have meant *racking*.

This is more than a trifling editorial inadvertence. It is the upcropping in Shaw's own sentences of the cultural discontinuity that troubled his old age. Instead of coming in its live meaning to the ears of his children's children, his story has come to print through the hands of people who do not know the names of the substantial things that ruled his life —much less the use or the cultural importance of those things. The book that has saved him for readers—most of whom also will not know these things—thus shows how near we have come to losing him. □

Charting the Realm of Freedom

R.D. LAING. *By Edgar Z. Friedenberg. Modern Masters Series. The Viking Press. 118 pp. $5.95. Paper $1.95.*

GORDON BURNSIDE

> In its relation to the reality of daily life, the high culture of the past was many things—opposition and adornment, outcry and resignation. But it was also the appearance of the realm of freedom: the refusal to behave.
>
> —*Herbert Marcuse*

But—and this was Marcuse's central point when he published *One-Dimensional Man* in 1964—technological society engulfs high culture, making a commodity of it, and thereby deflates the realm of freedom. The refusal to behave (represented in romantic literature by "such disruptive characters as the artist, the prostitute, the adulteress, the great criminal and outcast . . . those who don't earn a living, at least not in an orderly and normal way") must constantly retreat—must, in other words, become more and more extreme (as in the sado-masochism of current movies and rock groups)—but is still cornered, canned and sold in the end. Misbehavior becomes literally inconceivable. "The reality of daily life" is everywhere, and is as flat and dispiriting as the Kansas plains.

As with the refusal to behave, so, too, the refusal to be sane. Crazy people are also a threatened species. "The psychiatrist," writes Marcuse, "takes care of Don Juans, Romeos, Fausts, as he takes care of Oedipus—he cures them." At about the same time that Marcuse was formulating his grand critique of technological society at large, R.D. Laing, a Scottish psychiatrist specializing in the treatment of schizophrenia, was coming to similar conclusions about his role as a "healer." They were to lead him far afield from clinical psychiatry—through politics, philosophy, Eastern studies—a journey perfectly symbolizing the nomadic intellectual history of the 1960s.

In his very first book (*The Divided Self*, published in 1959), Laing confessed his suspicion that schizophrenia itself might be little more than a technological category, a label that certain kinds of technocrats, i.e., psychiatrists, apply to certain kinds of misbehavior, i.e., craziness. By the time he and Aaron Esterson published *Sanity, Madness and the Family* in 1964, he was writing that:

> We do not accept "schizophrenia" as being a bio-chemical, neuro-physiological, psychological fact, and we regard it as palpable error, in the present state of the evidence, to take it to be fact. Nor do we assume its existence. Nor do we adopt it as a hypothesis. We propose no model for it.

No model was proposed for it because Laing wanted to protect his patients from a categorization that could only, he felt, obscure the real meaning of their lives. The real meaning was political helplessness: "schizophrenics" grow from double-talking, double-binding families (those that demand the impossible of a child, and then blame him for not achieving it) into double-talking, double-binding polities (those that stockpile nuclear bombs "for peace," and then chide the citizen for his restlessness). In *The Politics of Experience* —Laing's best-known book, and the one that made him a hero to the American counter-culture—he openly championed psychosis as a possibly *rational* response

---

Gordon Burnside reviews books for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch *and* The New York Times, *and is working on a novel about Midwesterners in the New Left during the 1960s.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to irrational social demands: as, in short, a realm of freedom.

Not surprisingly, R.D. Laing is in some quarters thought to be a crazy man. But the best thing about the Viking Modern Masters critique by Edgar Z. Friedenberg is (unlike the series' critique of Marcuse by Alasdair MacIntyre) that Friedenberg understands what his subject is getting at, and why he has come along this peculiar route. Though it is a book about another man's work, Friedenberg's *R.D. Laing* is so wide-ranging and so wittily and subtly reasoned that it has, as writing, an intrinsic value that most of the Modern Masters volumes lack. Since his commentary winds among and around Laing's ideas like a plume of smoke, Friedenberg resists easy summarization as Laing does not, but the main points seem clear enough:

Laing on psychotherapy: Friedenberg agrees that psychotic behavior has sociopolitical roots, and that, from the patient's point of view, it may appear to be the last avenue of freedom open to him. The trouble with this view is that it is mistaken. Psychosis—here Friedenberg refers us to the *Existenz* psychology of Binswanger, Minkowski and Kuhn—is not a realm of freedom, but another, more painful, way to live unauthentically and unfreely. Laing is mistaken because, in collapsing the walls separating pathology and health, and in rejecting psychiatry as a *potentially* liberating art (as Laing himself has shown it can be), he makes it difficult to talk about freedom at all.

Laing on politics: Because his theories are eccentric, and because he locates the etiology of madness in crazy social arrangements, Laing is often described as a radical. Laing himself is not so sure of that, and neither is Friedenberg. Science, whether psychiatric or political, is what Buddhism calls *maya*: the endless slicing of a seamless reality into artificial and (for the human sensibility) alienating categories. Realizing this, Laing has recently immersed himself in Eastern thought; and, in any case, "the recognition of the politicization of modern life implied in the titles of Laing's works is intended, I would judge, to convey a distaste for politics."

Laing on freedom: But a distaste for politics implies a conception of freedom akin to that of a state of grace: a gift bestowed by life, not wrenched from or superimposed upon it. And freedom then implies an elite of some sort, a separate, marginal "high culture," to return to Marcuse. This conclusion, which is in Laing's writings not yet explicitly stated, is one that Friedenberg has been edging toward for some time. It is the traditional European conservative belief that egalitarian politics and personal liberty—especially what young European anarchists were calling, just a few years ago, "the liberty of the imagination"—are incompatible. Those of us who are liberal or radical democrats gamble that this need not be so. But it is just because they bring to clearer focus the perennial conundrum of our culture that Laing and Marcuse, and Edgar Z. Friedenberg, are among the really interesting thinkers of the age. □

THE WAY I AM LYING HERE

I feel a dream coming into my bones
from long ago, before they were covered
with flesh, when they were small
as toothpicks, crossed over each other
in some kind of form without a name.

This dream emerging has a head
made of bone, soft in the center,
an opening with two sides
which must meet or clasp
in something like friendship.
I see the cleft no bigger than a hair
and the two sides straining together.

These little bones move
with delicate steps; now
it is too late to retrieve
a husk or a shell, to crawl
away from the backbone, leave
this armature lying
flat on the bed with one leg
drawn up like a stork.

It is too late and yet
I have this yearning
for an earlier form, two
breathing valves, the crisp
body made of joints, no flesh
to spoil. Not a bird, not
any kind of a beast, nor a fish.
These are the forms close enough
to my own; I know how they betray
in the end, how what's underneath
is left speaking of sadness.

In my dream I was sure
as the moon which is no more
than a dimple of light, as sure
as the walls which expand and contract
to the whim of the clouds.
There is the truth of the skull,
the tibia, the rib-cage and the thorn
on the leg called an ankle.

It is the truth that knots
in my heart when I see the crumpled
remains of a rabbit or the lean,
fleet skeleton of a horse or a deer.
It is the knowledge locked
in the marrow, that moves
with my foot, rises on both legs
while my body, half a ghost already
is going into the air.

Naomi Lazard

As Through a Child's Eyes

COUNT JULIAN. *By Juan Goytisolo. Translated by Helen R. Lane. A Richard Seaver Book. The Viking Press. 244 pp. $7.95. Paper $2.95.*

MARKS OF IDENTITY. *By Juan Goytisolo. Translated by Gregory Rabassa. Grove Press. 352 pp. $7.50.*

Barbara Probst Solomon

James Joyce's Stephen Dedalus wrote, as a schoolboy:

> Stephen Dedalus
> Class of Elements
> Clongowes Wood College
> Sallins
> County Kildare
> Ireland
> Europe
> The World
> The Universe.

Juan Goytisolo's controlling vision and passion is of a world—his world of Barcelona *haut bourgeois*, ultra-Catholic, forebears who made their money in the sugar plantations of Cuba; the windy, improbable vault of Spanish history, and Spanish mythology; a young man's lonely exile in Paris, turned later into mature rage in a long walk through Tangier—but the controlling vision is of that world seen through a child's eyes. His Stephen Dedalus starts out as Alvaro or Alvarito, and it is Alvaro who dreams up Count Julian.

Properly speaking, *Count Julian* should be read as part of a trilogy. The first volume is *Marks of Identity*, the second is *Count Julian* and the third, the about to be published *Juan Without a Country*. *Marks of Identity* begins with a quota-

Barbara Probst Solomon is the author of The Beat of Life (*Lippincott*) *and a political memoir on Spain,* Arriving Where We Started (*Harper & Row*). *Her critical articles have appeared in* The New York Times, The New York Review of Books, Harper's *and* The New Republic. *Her new novel,* In Need, *will be published by Harper & Row in the fall.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion from Mariano José de Larra: "Where is the cemetery? Outside or In? —The cemetery is inside Madrid. Madrid is the cemetery." And then the book starts: "Installed in Paris. . . ." But the Paris the hero is living in is inundated by Spain, that Spanish cemetery of relatives, of myths and of cant that the hero carries around in his head. Everywhere he sees Spain. *Marks of Identity* is a departure from the previous Goytisolo novels which were done in the super-realistic mode which had a grip on Spanish literature, and stemmed directly from the political miseries of the calamitous Spain of the late 1940s and 1950s. In *Marks of Identity*, Goytisolo begins to do a variety of things. Obvious political statement, he feels, is not enough for a novel; he starts to break with form—using a variety of first, second and third persons, he is looking and listening to the breaks in language and, at the same time, he begins to break with form—in the attempt to describe what he is really seeing and feeling, his work becomes less abstract. The autobiography, in broken form, or new form, is begun. Like Joyce, Goytisolo's exiled hero starts at a long voyage, and finally begins with himself, his own childhood, his own town—Barcelona. We see, filtered through the photos and dialogues inside the hero's head—that hero who, walled in by bitter loneliness and rage, is "installed in Paris" —the world of Alvaro.

Alvaro is almost psychologically fated to become an emotional exile. True, Alvaro comes *from* Barcelona, but a complex web of what is Alvaro's true identity begins to spin in his childhood. The Catalan family fortune comes not from Barcelona but is rooted in sugar plantations in Havana. The money comes from Havana—where does Alvaro come from? The idea of one city superimposed on another is a continual and haunting theme throughout Goytisolo's work; in *Count Julian* the city is Tangier, and Spain is now filtered through Barcelona. Thus, the questions the 8-year-old Alvaro begins to ask in *Marks of Identity*—Who am I? Where am I from? Where is Spain?—are themes which in another form reappear in *Count Julian*.

There are marvelously pithy scenes in the Barcelona sections of *Marks of Identity*, with the incredible character of Señorita Lourdes, Alvaro's ultra-Catholic governess who, during the Civil War, explains her version of life to Alvaro, which includes the history of martyred children—clearly she means for Alvaro to become a saint, an angel and a gentleman, and, she hopes, a martyr in the service of the Church. Meanwhile, a dubious Alvaro is asking—why?

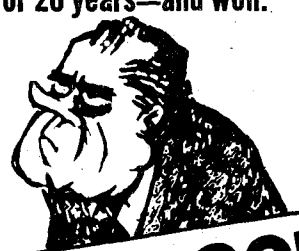
Goytisolo's evocation of Alvaro's Barcelona relatives is superb; wartime Barcelona is as alive with personal familial idiosyncracies as is the Dublin of Joyce. The wandering hero of *Marks of Identity* escapes the smothering, dead world of Barcelona bourgeoisie and Franco Spain only to re-emerge in Paris and find himself smothered in another madhouse, the world of the Spanish political exiles. Everywhere the hero goes he sees Spaniards, inside the love-hate photos he carries around in his own head, as well as in the actual life he leads. The orthodoxy of the Catholic Church has been thrown away, only to have the hero in danger of being submerged by the orthodoxies of the professional political exile. At the end of *Marks of Identity*, the thoughts of Goytisolo's trapped hero seem to be a list of phrases and signs evoking modern and ancient Spain, modernity in jazzed-up, Americanized Europe—and finally, the eternal mark of modern Ulysses, the wandering tourist: *Introduisez la Monnaie*—Introduce the Coin—*Geldstück Einwerfen*. In brief, the hero ends at customs.

When one reads *Count Julian* in proper sequence, with its bold, raging, poetic, incantatory rhythms, marvelously translated by Helen R. Lane, it is a book far more accessible to the reader. "Harsh homeland," the book begins, "the falsest, most miserable imaginable, I shall never return to you: with eyes still closed, it is there before you, enveloped in the blurry ubiquity of sleep and thus invisible." We know that Count Julian is the same wandering hero we have left, moments before, blinking at the customs signs at the end of *Marks of Identity*. He is now raging at Spain, staring at it in his head and in his dreams—not from Paris but Tangier. The hero has become his alter ego, Count Julian. And who is Count Julian? He is 8-year-old Alvaro grown up. The same Alvaro who was once offered the chance to be a childhood martyr has now replaced the book of saints with another myth, taken from Spanish history, the myth of Count Julian.

According to Spanish history, Count Julian or Ulyan was a mysterious figure who in the seventh century, as governor of Ceuta, may have betrayed the Goth kings of Spain in territorial battles involving Spain, Tangier and Africa. Whether he was a traitor or a rebel depends on one's view of Spanish history. Modern Spanish historians have quite correctly pointed out that the true Spanish heritage is Berber-Arab-Jewish—a culture that was pluralistic, tolerant, highly civilized. This is the famous medieval pre-Inquisition Spain, highly sensual in art and literature because of the Moorish and Jewish influence. Conservative Spanish historians have maintained that the Catholic, "united Spain," of Ferdinand and Isabella is the true Spain, that the Spanish heritage is purely Catholic, Goth and Visigoth; enlightened historians such as Américo de Castro have long recognized this version of Spain and Spanish identity as nonsense. Thus the problem of Count Julian: was he a traitor? Or was he a courageous Berber lord rebelling against the decadent court of a ruinous Goth king? Is the wandering hero of *Count Julian*, as he gazes at Spain from the Arabic, Spanish, European tourist city of Tangier, a traitor—when he calls Spain "harsh homeland"—or is he rebelling against the cemetery of dead and perverted thought that is within Spain?

Count Julian has been reviewed in this country as the masterpiece of Spain's greatest living writer. Albeit true, the statement is of little use to the reader unless the novel is put into its proper context. Carlos Fuentes, in his *New York Times* review, did a magnificent job of explaining the relation of Spanish history to the use of the legendary Count Julian. Michael Wood, however, in *The New York Review of Books* confused matters by assuming that Goytisolo

"A rare and insightful book on the Nixon career... by the man who battled him from a drawing board for 26 years—and won."*



HERBLOCK
SPECIAL REPORT

"In 450 pungent cartoons accompanied by a witty, wry text, the nation's No. 1 cartoonist has produced a unique history that lays out the whole Nixon record."—*TOM ENGELHARDT, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

$7.95 at all bookstores

Norton

W.W. NORTON & COMPANY, INC.
500 Fifth Ave., New York 10036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

learned his techniques from the modern Latin American novelists. The life force in Goytisolo's work is Spain—and has nothing to do with Latin American genius. Goya, Buñuel, Madrid, Barcelona, outrageous wit—all these play in the formation of Goytisolo's style and his very Spanish way of being obsessed by Spain. Like many Spanish geniuses before him, including Picasso, Goytisolo appears to have benefited by subjecting Spanish passion to French thought. Clearly, in addition to Joyce, he has been influenced by Céline, Jean Genet and the techniques of the *nouveau roman*. While some of those techniques have produced novels that appear to be somewhat listless—the French novelists in the last decade often seem to lack a subject on which to hang their techniques—in the hands of this Spanish novelist, raging against Spain, the results are explosive.

Given both *Marks of Identity* and *Count Julian*, we are able to figure out why Count Julian, our wandering hero, goes to the Tangier library and squashes insects in the pages of Spanish history books. He crushes the insects just as the 8-year-old Alvaro in Barcelona was crushed by the teachings of a punitive Church and perverse academic thought.

The books, Count Julian-Alvaro is saying, were false. They destroyed the soul. Goytisolo takes off on all the sacred and stale myths of Spain: nobility of the Spanish character, bullfighters, of course the Catholic Church and, indeed, all Spanish posturing, including the Spanish literary and historical "academy." Modern Spain forbids the sensual and the erotic—Count Julian is wildly and rebelliously sensual. Count Julian takes his vengeance on Spain in boldly imaginative scenes of male and female rape. Modern Spain is not only plagued by a false academic past superimposed on its genuine artistic and political history, but it is also plagued by an avalanche of cheap tourism that is destroying a country already destroyed from within. Goytisolo sees it all, and throws the gadgets, the tourists, the Europe that uses travestied American words like "Resstop," right on top of the dung heap that is his modern Spain. Intensely moving, the Goytisolo trilogy becomes a work of genius, because the author has harnessed his techniques, his creative energies and his passions in the service of re-creating modern Spain. He is the first modern Spanish novelist to make Spain exist, to show us what *is*. We "know" Dublin; now we "know" Spain—ultimately, this is Count Julian's real vengeance. □

THE NATION

HOOVER'S LEGACY
A Nationwide System of Political Surveillance Based on the Spurious Authority of a Press Release
FRANK J. DONNER

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE

Single copies	50¢ each
10-49 copies	40¢ each
50-99 copies	30¢ each
100 and over	25¢ each

The NATION,
Back Issues Dept.
333 Sixth Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10014

Fleeing the Sacred Shores

ROBERT LEITER

Clancy Sigal left America for Europe in 1956. Three years later, settled in London, he published his first literary work, *Weekend in Dinlock*, a semi-factual portrait of South Yorkshire coal-mining life. *Going Away*, a recipient of the Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship, appeared after a further three years. Since then Sigal has published only periodic articles and reviews, love-hate dispatches sent stateside to inform us of his preoccupations; two brief portraits of typically British blokes for *Commentary*; a review of an Eric Bentley book in *The New Republic*; a piece on London's post-Angry Young Man theatre for *Commonweal*; and most recently a two-part journalistic account of the Deep South for the short-lived magazine *Audience*. A new novel is promised.

These are the facts.

But there is a Clancy Sigal of myth as well. The biographical material provided in the paperback versions of *Weekend in Dinlock* and *Going Away* attests to twenty-nine pre-expatriate years lived at their fullest. "Mr. Sigal has been a soldier, a union organizer, a student at UCLA, and has worked for a New York record company, a Hollywood studio, and a Hollywood talent agency." The two biographical statements agree on these points. Yet the birth dates differ; one says 1926, the other 1927. One mentions Hollywood political activity, the other does not. One says *Weekend in Dinlock* was published in 1959, while the other version carries the copyright date of 1960. These minor inaccuracies are pieces of a larger, incomplete puzzle. Sigal has never allowed his photo to appear, a touch of mystery. Then there is the dedication of *Weekend in Dinlock*: "To Doris." Somewhere there is a vague suggestion that one must read *The Golden Notebook* to learn what became of Clancy Sigal. One's mind moves across Doris Lessing's landscape, sniffing out Americans, coming to rest at last with Saul Green. ". . . as [Saul] talked . . . I was looking at him . . . and I saw his pose, standing with his back to the window in a way that was like a caricature of that young American we see in films—sexy he-man, all balls and strenuous erection. He stood lounging, his thumbs hitched through his belt, fingers loose, but pointing to his genitals . . . the boyish, disarming face, and the he-man's pose. And Saul stood lecturing me about the pressures of society to conform, while he used the sexy pose." The myth is here fully animated.

And then there are the works themselves.

Weekend in Dinlock has been called a novel "in which autobiographical elements bulk large," and also, by its original publisher, Houghton Mifflin, "the highest form of documentary writing." It has been compared to the work of James Agee and George Orwell. But Agee used the figures of the tenant farmers of *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* as a means of poetic release. Long before the initial *Fortune* magazine assignment (the germ of the larger work), Agee was hunting for a new, flexible literary form, part poetry, part prose, a blend in which genres would cease to exist. His Southern sojourn was a godsend. Orwell forced himself to be down and out in Paris and London as a personal disavowal of class and caste, infused with the wish to rise anew as a literary and human being. The impetus

Robert Leiter is a writer and critic living in Philadelphia.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for Sigal's work is less obvious. It reads like a bit of boning up before the rigors of *Going Away*. But *Weekend in Dinlock* proves a bold, uneven, at times dispassionate, at times heated mixture of fact and fiction, a work yet to be championed by the "new journalists" although it antedates their presumed innovations.

Before the work begins, Sigal makes a disclaimer in the form of an author's note: "Thank you, is all I can say to my friends, and their friends, in the north of England whose kindness to an inquisitive and often tactless stranger made this book possible. Hospitality can never be repaid. At the least, I can assure them that neither they nor their particular village will be found within these pages. Dinlock is imaginary, in that it is many places I have seen, and its people are not 'real' except in the sense that they are the sum total of what I wish to say about what I saw." In Sigal's characteristic fashion, the above is aptly suggestive, precise in its imprecision. That quality pervades the opening section of *Weekend in Dinlock*, a prologue in which we meet Davie, a young coal miner from Dinlock who has also painted some 100 paintings and is known and respected in London art circles. He is now visiting London, spending time with the nameless narrator, bemoaning his plight as artist and workman, drinking and whoring. ". . . Davie was in the kind of pickle which would kill lesser men. Working the afternoon shift in the mine, he said simply, coming home at midnight to paint pictures of the mine and village until the morning, propping himself up with benzedrine and codeine and caring for the children while his wife was also having another, a house-proud provincial wife, he said, who hated the idea and fact of his painting . . . [and he] doing all the things necessary to sustain his prestige in a mining village where nothing compares to how well a man stands in the eyes of other men." These pages have the effect of good fiction. Davie, in his wish to meld the spirits of creator and laborer, is a protagonist of great possibilities.

The narrator, wanting to know the origins of Davie's art and suffering, spends a weekend with the miners. There is a disparity between the complex, elliptical prologue and the factual, sparely executed Dinlock visit. With the change in locale, Sigal's style changes. The narrator is a dispassionate observer, a reporter highlighting events. Dinlock's limited social scene—two-by-four miners' homes, the pubs, the "playful" adulteries, the local politicians, the hierarchy of the mine, the pit itself—the features of mining existence are reproduced by the artful selection of detail. The passion of Davie's ambivalent emotions has been supplanted by a skillful rendering of fact.

BATTLE FIELD

they are always there
making of my back
the battlefield
the table they pound
with their silly dialectic

feathered fist or hook
halo or horn
tail wing and fiery breath

these two embarrass me

the last revolution
will be the one that ends
this bickering behind my back

Ricardo da Silveira Lobo Sternberg

At the beginning of Part II, six months have passed, and the narrator is returning to Dinlock. Again the prose style shifts to accommodate the change. "I go, not knowing that my destination would be so distant," said the narrator in Part I. In Part II he says, "This time I need no directions to find Davie's house. I remember." He is no longer a mere reporter. He knows names and faces; memory has made involvement necessary. His prose (as Whitney Balliett of *The New Yorker* has noted) is "a unique cross between reportage and autobiographical fiction in which the nameless narrator—in contrast to the shadowy observer-catalyst in most reportage—is shaped and changed by the distilled facts he records." We are again witness to life in Dinlock: the pubs, discussions of labor organization, a second, more harrowing tour of the mines. And Davie's conflict, dramatized at last, concludes with his inevitable return to the pit.

Weekend in Dinlock strays too early from Davie's personal struggle. In Part I we must infer from the information given that no accumulation of detail can explain the mystifying impulses which propel Davie. Part II reiterates this perception, but in greater depth. One might call Part I Sigal's reportage, Part II his fictional reworking. Uneven in execution, *Weekend in Dinlock* is nevertheless a remarkable performance.

Going Away is a strange amalgam of forms; not only is it a novel in the form of an autobiographical memoir but it also utilizes the properties of political reportage and the conventions of the picaresque. The novel begins with a prologue—actually the plot in outline form—that reads like Sigal's biography. The nameless narrator, the son of trade union organizers and a child of 1930s political thinking, spent the greater part of his youth on the west side of Chicago. He was a soldier, a union organizer, a student, a journalist, a cab driver. He worked for a "small *avant-garde* record company . . . and a Hollywood studio. . . . Then he led an abortive strike of 16mm film cleaners. On the same day that he was hired as a riveter in a non-union factory, he applied for and received a position with a motion picture and television agency near Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. His two years with the agency were successful and lucrative, and on his birthday he gave notice . . . then he drove across the country in a red and white DeSoto convertible. . . . He was twenty-nine years of age."

The narrator leaves because of the affluence around him. He stops along the way to visit those people who influenced his beliefs. Some have died, and the survivors have fallen into a stupor of middle-class prosperity. His earliest suspicions are confirmed; apathy reigns. Leftist politics, along with a sense of individuality, have given way to the finer things in life. So he pushes on through America, arrives in Boston, secures a literary fellowship (a portion of a novel-in-progress has been accepted), then travels to New York City and takes ship for Europe.

Going Away is less obviously stylized than *Weekend in Dinlock*. The narrator's direct participation in events gives rise to a free-flowing, colloquial prose. Sigal also abandons the schematized structure of *Weekend*; but his love for doubling effects persists. As the narrator travels farther east, his mind is working back into the past, back to New York and the "abortive strike of 16mm film cleaners."

Whitney Balliett was one of the few critics (aside from Nelson Algren) who reviewed Sigal's work at length. But Balliett believed that "despite its occasional vivid, in-the-round parts, *Going Away* has an encyclopedic, almost official-history air—the traditional first novel, minus the spasms. The book—more than 500 pages—is too long." *Going Away* may read like a first novel, but that is because, in relation to Sigal's elusive personal history, the events precede those of *Weekend in Dinlock*. *Going Away* explains how the nameless narrator of the first book came to be poking around those South Yorkshire coal mines. As for the novel's length, it matches the work's scope. How does an author realistically portray time passing, detail the people met and lands traveled without writing at some length?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Going Away is also one of the few novels in which politics is an active force, rather than simply the cause of symbolic destruction. The novel's political history and analysis serve as explanation, clarification and prophecy. More important, *Going Away* is a portrait of an honest man, wrongheaded, egotistical, brash—but tender and compassionate, "a man fully equipped to live his life, but with no place to live it," as Nelson Algren said. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Joseph H. Hirshhorn became known to Europe in the 1950s as one of the new American collectors who stormed in every summer. Among them, they contributed a great input of parties and money as they bought art and wooed, or bored, artists. The Winston collection in Detroit, the Maremont collection in the Midwest and the Hirshhorn collection were founded in this way with a verve that astonished a depleted Europe.

Hirshhorn may have collected earlier work as well, but what he became known for was bulk buying and hard bargaining in the field of modern art. He would show up in studios with a roll of bills that he peeled off to take larger quantities of work at lower prices for cash. Abram Lerner once told me that, when he was curator of the Hirshhorn collection, one of his duties was to return the duplicate casts of sculpture that Hirshhorn had inadvertently bought on his zippy tours. Now, twenty years later, a fat museum in Washington built by the government houses his collection and bears his name. It looks, at first, as if he had come a long way.

Speed marked the founding of the museum no less than the formation of the collection. The central motive is Hirshhorn's desire for aggrandizement. That is understandable, but it is something of a surprise that, for all his wealth, it could be obtained quite so easily. In this context it is relevant to remember that Washington did not possess a modern art collection. The National Gallery has recently extended its coverage to the very recent past, but is paying the penalty for having waited too long. The Smithsonian Institution seems to have been charged thirty years ago to act as a modern museum, but its activity in this area was insignificant. Thus the Smithsonian was ready and willing to embrace an existing collection, if it could find a major one. (According to one of the numerous press releases from the Smithsonian, the Hirshhorn collection includes about 4,000 paintings and 2,000 sculptures.) Next, President Johnson himself entered in the uncharacteristic role of art patron, which would certainly have expedited the Smithsonian's cooperation.

About one-seventh of the collection appears to be on view at the moment (around 900 pieces from the 6,000 total). Visitors to the collection will make their personal discoveries and enjoy those sudden contacts with artists' minds via their works that a museum offers. Here are some of my pleasures, listed alphabetically: a good early Jean Dubuffet—a portrait of Georges Limbour—and several small paintings of heads by Arshille Gorky. The five busts of Jeannette, 1910-13, by Matisse stand in a row and there is a huge Ad Reinhardt, which I like while doubting its date (1952 is suspiciously early). There are three Clyfford Stills of later vintage and an interesting early sculpture by Robert Smithson, though on examination it turns out to be badly in need of repair. The collection incidentally is rich in posthumous bronze casts of work by Daumier and Degas which provided an affirmative answer to the question which must have often occurred to museum-goers: is there reproduction after death?

The inaugural exhibition is arranged quasi-historically, rising from the 19th century in the basement to Larry Zox on the 3rd floor. This kind of display is popular with museums whose holdings are spotty and uneven, because a chronological arrangement confers the appearance of momentum and evolutionary purpose on objects which do not really demonstrate the historical drama at all. Unfortunately, the sequence in this case reveals all the threadbare patches of an improvised collection. The bleak fact is that the gap between ebullient shopping and making a museum is enormous, and Hirshhorn has not spanned it. The collection, as it is shown, is full of singles, small works and marginalia. I know that Hirshhorn has quantities of stuff we haven't seen, so possibly this first impression will be mended. As it stands, however, this monument is full of thin pickings. According to another press release, Hirshhorn has forty-three de Koonings, twenty-nine Larry Rivers, thirteen Kenneth Nolands, and of course his reverence for Henry Moore is legendary. It might have been better to show the collection in its numerically dense points before stretching it to simulate an overview of modern art, even if this went against the claims of comprehensiveness made by the collector and by the Smithsonian. The failure to achieve panorama emphasizes the casual and expedient character of this copious collection.

The new building, government-funded and displacing a historic landmark, is another Euclidean item in the Washington townscape. It is a cylinder, the closed surface of which is raised off the ground on four piers. It is entered from Independence Avenue but its plaza runs across the block to the Mall where an underpass links it to a sunken sculpture garden across the street. A strip of balcony juts at the 3rd-floor level of the museum on the Mall side, as if waiting for the Pope or Il Duce, but otherwise the wall is blank. There is a narrow plane of human activity at ground level and then it's all Euclid above, or rather Gordon Bunshaft of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill. The circle is no doubt influenced by the Guggenheim Museum spiral in New York. Inside, the cylinder turns out to be a double circle: the outer band contains painting; the inner, sculpture. The outer band has closed walls and the inner has continuous glass walls around the central courtyard. One of the merits of the Guggenheim spiral, which has a closed outer wall but an open inner void, is that it is finite. Visitors always know their location, which helps reduce museum fatigue: you see clearly where you are and how much farther you have to go.

Bunshaft's outer band loses this advantage, of course, so that going round it becomes an uninflected trek, until you finally recognize the point where you entered. The inner band has the advantage of not withholding spatial location but, of course, part of it is always in sunlight, so that there are segments of glare and overheating, despite the cosmestic addition of curtains. Bunshaft did the "modern" addition to the "classic" wing of the Albright-Knox Art Gallery in Buffalo: externally, the new part is a tactful job but inside there is too much dazzle and heat through the glass walls onto the courtyard. The Hirshhorn Museum has given Bunshaft the opportunity to compound this error three times, on the two gallery floors and at the top where the storage and offices appear to be permanently blacked out by heavy curtains. The building may satisfy Hirshhorn's desire for a monument, but it is a negligible, indeed regressive, contribution to museum architecture. □

REAL ESTATE

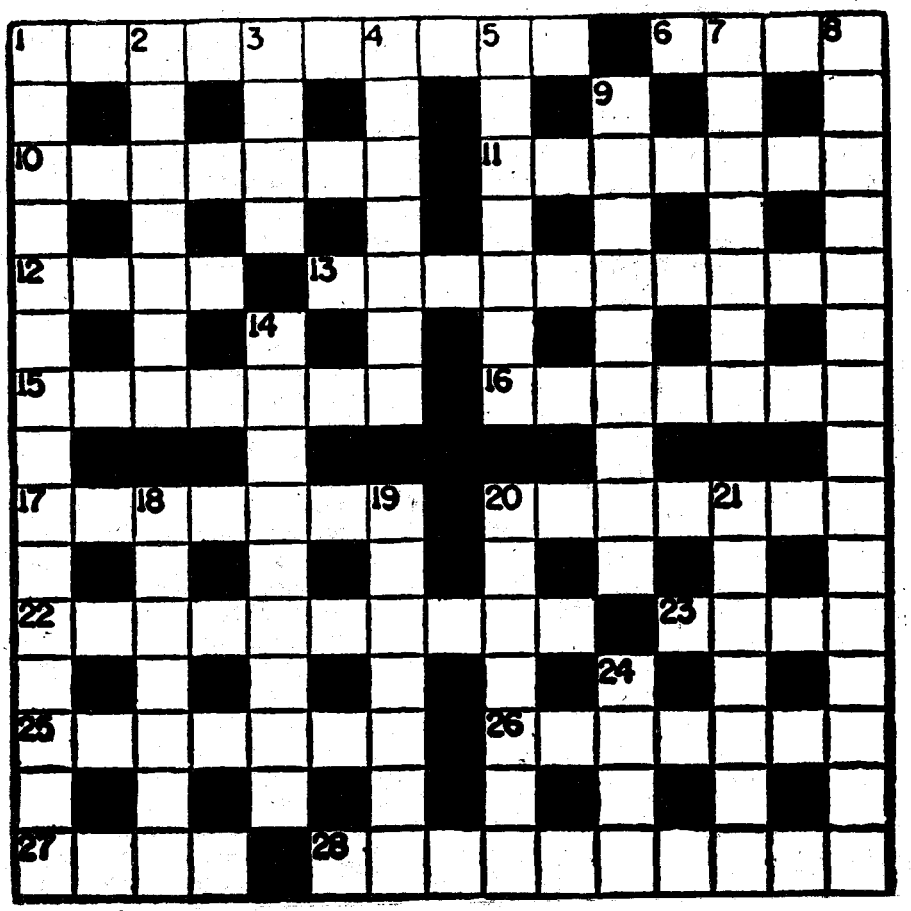
AVOID economic disaster. Developing liberal cooperative near Arkansas Lake. Lots. No-profit construction help. **Tumbling Shoals Estates, Post Office Drawer 268, Naperville, Illinois 60540.**

ADVERTISE YOUR NEEDS IN THE NATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 1574

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Given new heart, and managed to get one acre dug. (10)
6 and 24 down Betokens left objects. (8)
10 They may be run by the junior member. (7)
11 Not exactly a real pin, but it might be indicative of good taste. (7)
12 They might get you even with others under the collar. (4)
13 Flower ring, if a pin is made from it. (10)
15 Perhaps read how Edgar is turned by his friends. (7)
16 While we may put it on the ball, they call it "side". (7)
17 At this point in time. (7)
20 The woody axis of the ear. (7)
22 Some of the suggestions that made Salt Lake City might be more suitable for the newer generation. (5,5)
23 Co-starred with Gilbert's peer. (4)
25 It looks like I'm 50, though really about 23, which is one way to appear dangerous. (7)
26 By which Antonio might have traveled on a gold contraption. (7)
27 Covers red-blooded worms, but not Anne. (4)
28 Not really as treacherous as the longer hyphenated equivalent. (5,5)

DOWN

1 Does it show the 2-5? (11,4)
2 and 5 One of those 17-20 down? (7,7)
3 General Ambrose doesn't get to stay around the historic ballot-boxes. (4)
4 Certain as suds are! (7)
5 See 2 down
7 The shape of the paper might show skill in it. (7)
8 Was one of its 20 down connected with batteries? (3,5,7)
9 Why pa gets impatient and fakes a headache, perhaps. (9)
14 What might 25, does this, and cause peace. (9)
18 Non-plussed by what the politician did? (7)
19 Walker, when young. (7)
20 One might expect to find them in shells. (7)
21 City of Romance, possibly associated with Amati. (7)
24 See 6 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1573

ACROSS: 1 Fine arts; 11 Effectual; 12 and 5 The Last Hurrah; 13 Spindly; 14 Plater; 15 Tonneau; 18 Rarebit; 21 Rabbit; 24 Nunnery; 26 Piccolo; 27 Indolence; 28 Louts; 29 Grease; 30 Persists. DOWN: 1 Fronts; 2 New Dealer; 3 Abreast; 4 and 10 Theater of war; 6 Unction; 7 Round; 8 and 23 Hold your horses; 9 and 17 Offset printing; 16 Epilogues; 19 Beetles; 20 Trying; 21 Replete; 22 Buckles; 25 Nudge.

EDUCATIONAL

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY ANNOUNCES THE HAROLD STIRLING VANDERBILT SCHOLARSHIPS. The Scholarships are awarded "to students who have demonstrated qualities characteristic of Mr. Vanderbilt: A lively intellect, sound scholarship, tenacity of purpose, versatility, a commitment to excellence in worthwhile endeavor," and "for exceptional accomplishment and high promise . . . in science, music, art, journalism, creative writing, debate, dance, theatre, entrepreneurial activity and academic work generally." Undergraduate scholarships provide $5000 per year for four years. **Office of Admissions, Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn. 37240.**

MUSIC

WOMEN'S RECORD—Sing along with **"Virgo Rising: The Once and Future Woman."** High quality stereo; a rousing and humorous experience! ($5.95 + 50¢ postage and handling): **Thunderbird Records, Dept. SH, 1420 N. Virginia St., Reno, Nev. 89503.**

FREE 200-PAGE CATALOG. 1,400 New Stereo Recordings. Renaissance, Baroque, Classical, Romantic, Modern Music. Not sold in stores. Not listed in Schwann's. Highest quality! Budget label prices! Available only by mail. **MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY, Box 932 NA, New York, N.Y. 10023.**

PUBLICATIONS

CRISIS AT CUNY: Full background on the crisis of higher education. A stunning piece of historical and political analysis. $1.25/copy. **Newt Davidson Collective, Box 1034, Manhattanville Station, New York 10027.**

America's **PANORAMA.** March issue features **DIVORCE IS UNCONSTITUTIONAL** by George Partis and Antioch's **HOW BOOKPLATES BEGAN**—$1.00. **Real New Books, POB 1432 GPO, New York City 10001.**

THE NATION'S BEST PUZZLES

by Frank Lewis

Unique collection of wit-warpers of Books 1, 2 and 3. Send $4.25 (postage prepaid) to:

E. S. Lewis
25 Hubinger Street
New Haven, Conn. 06511

LITERARY SERVICES

AUTHORS: WANT TO BE PUBLISHED? Inexpensive subsidy publishing. **MOJAVE BOOKS, 7040-A Darby Avenue, Reseda, California 91335**

SERVICES

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON, ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.)**

QUICK (BUT CAREFUL) MOVERS. Household or commercial. Realistic estimates. Reasonable rates. Insured. No job too small. **(212) 673-5341.**

ADVERTISING RATES

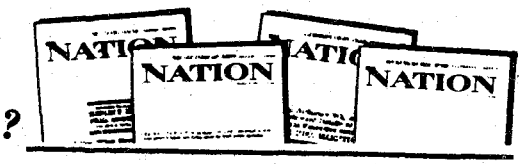
Classified: $1.48 a line (6 words) 3 line min.

Classified Display: $14.84 per inch (min.)

THE NATION, 333 Sixth Ave., N.Y.C. 10014
242-8400

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Are you cutting down on periodicals these days?



Then The NATION is your "Best Buy"

Let's face it . . . we are in a Depression. Your hard-earned dollars must be carefully watched. Instead of the two or three weeklies you've been taking, you must now choose only one. Will it be the one that offers the same AP and UPI dispatches—the same Washington press handouts—that your newspaper, radio, and TV offer? Or will it be the one that cuts through the verbiage to get at the real story?

For 110 years, The NATION has consistently been that one journalistic beacon. Long before the rest of the media caught up, The NATION was calling the shots.

Just look at the record since the end of World War II.

• **1946** Winston Churchill made his Iron Curtain speech. A NATION editorial immediately condemned it as a threat to world peace. The media embraced him. The result? The nuclear arms race, McCarthyism, and astronomical "defense" spending. And now, 29 years, millions of lives, and trillions of dollars later, the insanity of it is clear. Détente is in.

• **1959** The first published article by a young law student named Ralph Nader appeared in The NATION. Its title? "The Safe Car You Can't Buy." The rest of the media took almost ten years to stop scoffing and start listening.

• **1960** A NATION editorial described how the CIA, with the help of the Guatemalan government, was training Cuban exiles for an invasion of their former country. Despite our warnings to all the major news media, no one believed us. NATION readers were not surprised when the Bay of Pigs fiasco was announced.

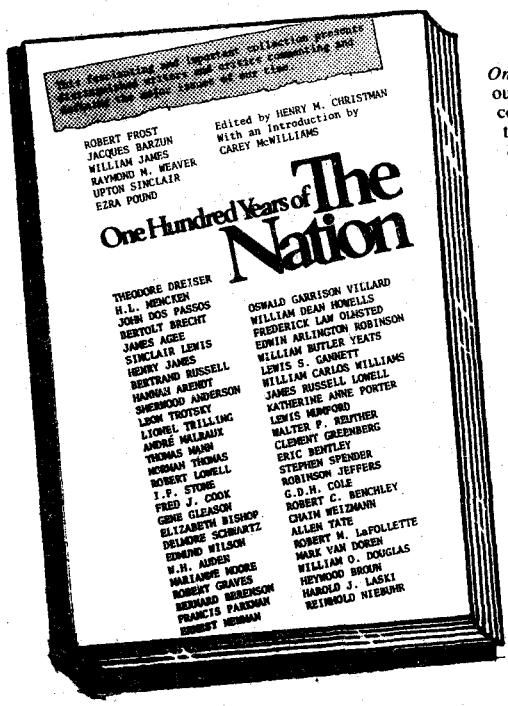
• **1961** A special issue of The NATION was devoted to "Juggernaut: The Warfare State" by that ace investigative reporter, Fred J. Cook. It warned of the growing military-industrial complex. Many thought we were unpatriotic, paranoid. A decade later, the war in Southeast Asia and the Pentagon Papers proved otherwise. And in that same year, Fred J. Cook filled another special issue of The NATION . . . this time with a probe called "The CIA." He revealed facts that are only coming to light today. A seething nation now demands investigation. NATION readers knew about the CIA all along.

• **1964** The Senate passed the Gulf of Tonkin resolution empowering Johnson to wage undeclared war on Vietnam. Three dissenting voices were heard: Senator Ernest Gruening, who had formerly been Managing Editor of The NATION; Senator Wayne Morse, a frequent contributor to The NATION's pages; and the editorials of The NATION.

Again and again, The NATION has exposed the lies and omissions that pass for news. It courageously dealt with such sacred cows as the Vietnam War, Richard Nixon, and the world economy, when others were timid. It always named names and documented facts.

That is why, if the Depression has hit you where it hurts, and you cannot afford all your favorite magazines, you should subscribe to the one that for over a century has "told it like it is" . . . The NATION.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER



One Hundred Years of The Nation, our highly acclaimed 384-page collection of works by some of the world's most famous authors *exactly as they appeared originally in THE NATION*, is yours absolutely free when you take advantage of this special subscription offer!

Get this valuable book FREE with your paid subscription order!

YES. Please enter my subscription to THE NATION as checked below. I understand I may cancel at any time and you will send a prompt refund for all undelivered copies.

☐ **1 year** (48 issues) **$15.00** ☐ **2 years** (96 issues) **$27.50**

☐ **Payment enclosed.** Send me absolutely free your anthology, *One Hundred Years of The Nation*, which is mine to keep even if I decide to cancel.

☐ **Bill me.** (Sorry, no books can be sent on billed orders.)

Name _____
please print

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send to

NATION 333 Sixth Avenue
New York, NY 10014

3-1-75

ETSU LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED